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STORY PLAYS OLD AND NEW

BOOK ONE



ALICE SUMNER VARNEY

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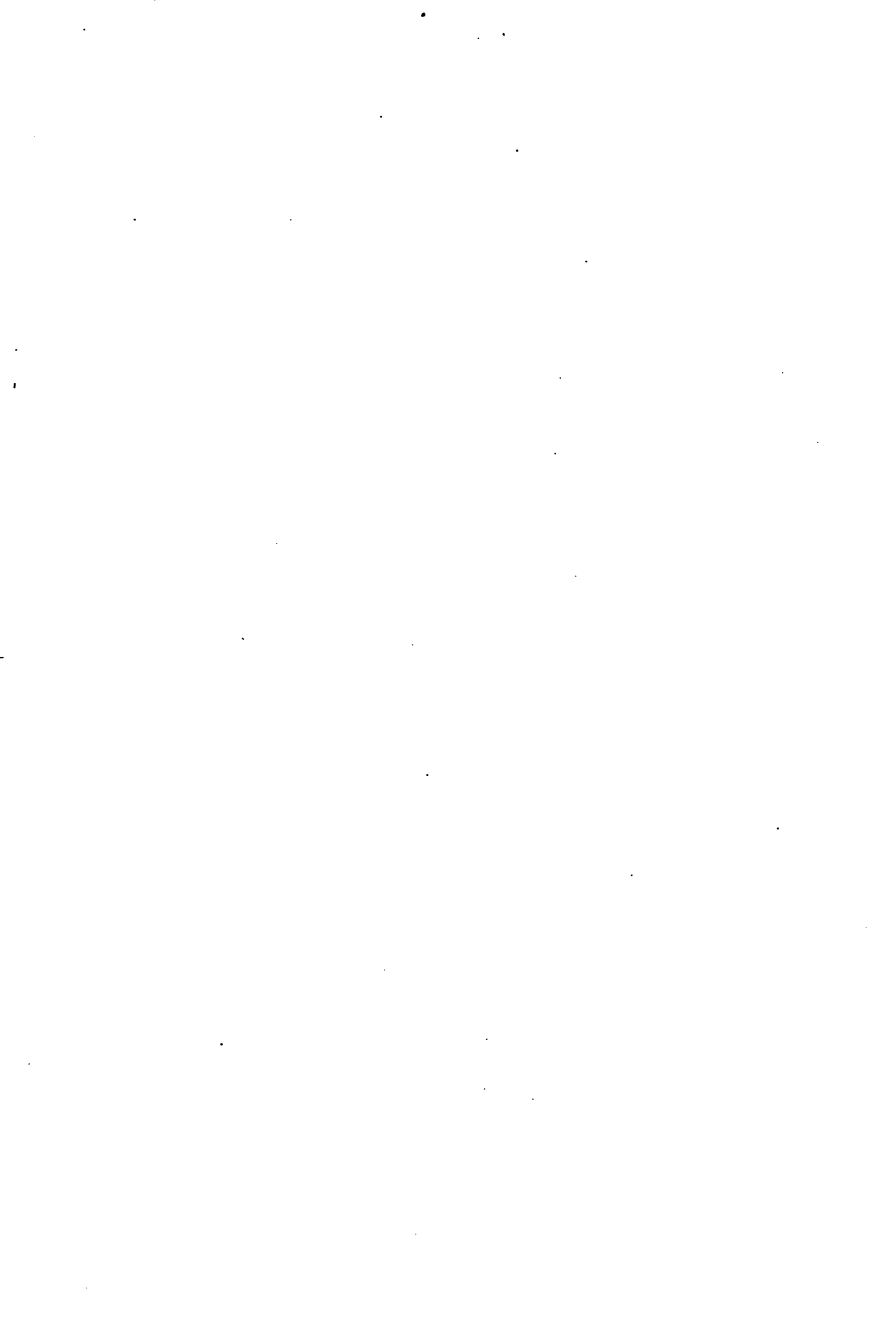
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THE POPPY-LAND EXPRESS

STORY PLAYS OLD AND NEW

BOOK ONE

BY

ALICE SUMNER VARNEY

FORMERLY TEACHER IN NEWTON (MASS.) PUBLIC SCHOOLS



AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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VARNEY'S STORY PLAYS, BOOK ONE.

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THE CHILDREN AND THE MOON

TIME: *Evening.*

PLACE: *Out of doors.*

THREE GIRLS.

THREE BOYS.

MOON.

Girl

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you
roving ?

Moon

Over the sea.

Boy

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you
loving ?

Moon

All that love me.

Boy

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep ?

Girl

Why look so pale, and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep ?

Moon

Ask me not this, you children who love me,
You are too bold ;
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told.

Boy

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving ?

Moon

Over the sea.

Girl

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving ?

Moon

All who love me.

— LORD HOUGHTON'S "A Child's Song" (*Adapted*).

O MOON, YOU PRETTY MOON

TIME: *Night.*

PLACE: *A nursery window.*

CHILDREN.

MOON.

Girl

O Moon, you pretty Moon, O Moon that
shineth fair,
Why do you stay so far away, so high above us
there ?

Boy

O Moon, you must be very cold from shining
on the sea ;
If you would come and play with us, how
happy we should be !

Moon

O little child, child dear, I shine above your
head,
That I may light the ships at night when the
sun has gone to bed ;
That I may show the orphan boy his way
across the moor,
And bring the busy farmer home to his own
cottage door.

Boy

They say, Moon, I have sunny hair.

Girl

And I a sparkling face.

Boy

To light the ships and orphan boys, we greatly
do desire ;
And you might come and warm yourself
before the nursery fire.

Moon

O children, list to me, we have each allotted
parts ;



'Tis yours to shine by love divine on happy
human hearts ;
'Tis mine to make the pathway bright of
wanderers that roam ;
'Tis yours to scatter endless light on those
that stay at home.

— From Poems Written for a Child (*Adapted*).

HOW THE BABY GROWS

TIME: *Day.*

PLACE: *The nursery.*

FOUR GIRLS.

FOUR BOYS.

BABY IN CRADLE.

Children

Nobody sees the baby grow.

Boy

Baby dear, with the laughing eyes,
Who came to our house a year ago,
Looking ever so wrinkled and wise.

Girl

But every day of the happy year
He has taken upon him some beauty new,
And as for growing, why, this is clear,
He's never had anything else to do.

Boy

Grandmamma says, "When he's asleep,
Then it is the baby grows."

Close to the crib we often creep
To watch, but we don't think grandma
knows.

Girl

Never a fringe of golden hair
Clustering soft around his brow
Lengthens the least while we are there,
And yet it is growing — the wonder, how ?

Children

Nobody sees the baby grow.

Girl

But over his rosy little face
The prettiest ripples of laughter flow,
The dancing dimples each one chase.

Boy

The tiny feet are learning to walk,
The round limbs are growing strong,
The lisping tongue is learning to talk,
As cheerily pass the days along.

Children

Nobody can explain it all.

Boy

But one thing to our thought is clear ;

God, who sees the sparrow fall,
Sent our beautiful baby here.

Girl

And mother cares for him day and night, —
'Tis easy enough when she loves him so, —
And God, whenever she puts out the light,
Just looks in and makes him grow.

— Anonymous (*Adapted*).

HOW THE WINDS BLOW

TIME: *Day.*

PLACE: *A field.*

FOUR GIRLS.

FOUR BOYS.

Boy

High and low the spring winds blow.
They take the kites the boys have made,
And carry them high into the air.

Girl

They snatch our pretty hats away,
And toss and tangle our flowing hair.

Children

High and low
The spring winds blow.

Girl

High and low the summer winds blow.
They dance and play with the garden flowers;
They bend down the grass and yellow grain.



Boy

They rock the bird in the hanging nest,
And dash the rain on the window pane.

Children

High and low
The winds do blow.

Boy

High and low the autumn winds blow..
They drive the bees and blossoms away,
And whirl all the dry leaves over the ground.

Girl

They shake the branches of all the trees,
And scatter the apples and nuts around.

Children

High and low
The winds do blow.

Boy

High and low the winter winds blow.
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow ;
They sweep on the hills a pathway clear.

Girl

They hurry children along to school,
And whistle songs for the glad New Year.

Children

High and low
The winds do blow.

SPRING AND SUMMER

TIME: *Morning in late spring.*PLACE: *A field.*

FOUR BOYS.

EIGHT GIRLS.

Boy

Spring is growing up.

Girl

Isn't it a pity?

Boys and Girls

Isn't it a pity?

*Girl*She was such a little thing
And so very pretty.*Boys and Girls*

Yes, so very pretty.

*Boy*Summer is extremely grand,
We must pay her duty.*Girl*But it is to little Spring
That she owes her beauty.*Boy*All the buds are blown,
Trees are dark and shady.*Girl*It was Spring who dressed them,
though —
Such a little lady.

Boy

Hark, the birds sing loud and sweet
Their enchanting histories.

Girl

It was Spring who taught them,
though —
Such a singing mistress.

Girl

From the glowing sky
Summer shines above us.

Girl

Spring was such a little dear,
But will Summer love us ?

Girl

She is very beautiful
With her grown-up blisses.

Girl

Summer we must bow before ;
Spring we coaxed with kisses.

Boy

Spring is growing up.

Boy

Leaving us so lonely.

Boy

In the place of little Spring
We have Summer only.

Boy

Summer with her lofty airs.

Boy

And her stately paces.

Boy

These in place of little Spring
With her childish graces.

Boys

Spring is growing up

Girls

Isn't it a pity ?
She was such a little thing,
And so very pretty.

Boys and Girls

Very, very pretty !

THE FOUR SUNBEAMS

TIME: *Day.*

PLACE: *Out of Doors.*

FIVE GIRLS.

FIVE BOYS.

Girl

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
All shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.

Boy

"Let us try," they all whispered, "some
kindness to do,

Not seek our own happiness all the day through,
Then meet in the eve at the west."

Boy

One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
And played "hide and seek" with a child on
the floor,
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased in delight his strange playmate so
bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

Girl

One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of a sweet summer day,
Its bird song, and beauty, and bloom.

Girl

His pain was forgotten, and weary unrest,
And in fancy he roamed through the scenes
he loved best,
Far away from the dim, darkened room.

Boy

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
And lifted her white face again.

Boy

For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest
spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

Girl

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale.

Girl

And kissed the poor eyes that had never known
sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light,
Till angels had lifted the veil.

Boy

At last, when the shadows of evening were
falling,
And the Sun, their great father, his children
was calling,
Four sunbeams passed into the west.
All said :

Children

"We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others we fill to the full our own measure."
As softly they sank to their rest.

CHICKEN LITTLE

TIME: *Noonday.*PLACE: *Near a mountain.*

CHICKEN LITTLE. * HENNY PENNY. COCKY LOCKY.
DUCKY LUCKY. GOOSEY LOOSEY. TURKEY LURKEY.
FOXY LOXY.

Chicken Little (*Appears running very fast.*)

Dear me, what could have fallen on my head? I do believe it was the sky. I will run to the King and tell him the sky has fallen.

(*Henny Penny appears.*)

Oh! Henny Penny.

Henny Penny Where were you going, Chicken Little?

Chicken Little The sky has fallen, and I was going to the King to tell him about it.

Henny Penny I will go with you, if I may? But who is this coming?

Chicken Little Why, it is Cocky Locky. Oh, Cocky Locky, the sky has fallen.

Henny Penny Yes, and we are going to the King to tell him about it.

Cocky Locky I will go with you, if I may?

Chicken Little You may, but wait, there is Ducky Lucky coming from the pond, she may want to go with us.

Ducky Lucky Now where are you all going ?

Chicken Little, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky The sky has fallen —

Ducky Lucky The sky has fallen ? Oh, dear !

Cocky Locky Yes, and we are going to the King to tell him about it.

Ducky Lucky I will go with you, if I may, for I do think he ought to know about it.

Chicken Little Then come along with us. Wait one moment until we hear what Goosey Loosey has to say.

Goosey Loosey Oh, dear ! Oh, dear ! You all look so sad. What is the matter, and where were you going ?

Ducky Lucky The sky has fallen, and we are going to the King to tell him about it.

Goosey Loosey The sky ! The sky has fallen ? I will go with you, if I may ?

Ducky Lucky You may.

Chicken Little Yes, you may, but we must run fast.

(Runs into Turkey Lurkey who comes strutting along.)

Turkey Lurkey Now what is the trouble, Chicken Little, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky,

Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Loosey? Tell me where you are going.

Goosey Loosey The sky has fallen.

Turkey Lurkey Oh, yes.

Chicken Little And we are going to tell the King.

Turkey Lurkey That is just what you ought to do. I will go with you, if I may?

Chicken Little Certainly you may. But now we must hurry.

Turkey Lurkey Wait, Chicken Little, here is Foxy Loxy coming out of his house, let us tell him what has happened.

Chorus Yes, let us tell him. Oh, Foxy Loxy, the sky has fallen!

Foxy Loxy Dear me! Dear me! Do you really mean it?

Chorus Yes, we do.

Foxy Loxy But what is to be done about it?

Chicken Little We are going now to tell the King.

Foxy Loxy That is a very good idea. But do you know the way to the King?

Chorus It leads around the mountain.

Foxy Loxy There is a shorter way than that.

You go through the mountain. Do you see that hole in its side ?

Chorus Yes, yes ! We see it.

Foxy Loxy Well, go right in there and I will follow you. Keep going straight ahead. You cannot get lost.

(All go into Foxy Loxy's house but Foxy Loxy himself.)

Foxy Loxy Oh, oh, oh, oh ! The sky has fallen ! An acorn must have fallen on Chicken Little's head. He is the biggest simpleton I know of. Well, we will not trouble the King about the matter, and now I am sure of dinner every day for a week.

— *Adapted.*

SPRING

TIME: *Morning.*

PLACE: *A Meadow.*

WILLOW.	ALDER.	GRASS.	BUTTERCUP.	BEE.
	SPRING ROBIN.		BLUEBIRD.	

Willow

It is spring by the river ;
 All the willow trees
 Send out silver pussies
 The children to please.

Alder

I am so happy ;
My dress is of gold —
Fine, feathery gold dust,
Too airy to hold.

Grass

It is spring on the hilltop ;
I've made it all green
With gown that's a wonder,
So fresh and so clean.

Buttercup

I am so glad I can
Sit up in bed.
O you poor Dandelion
With your gray head !

Bee

The Clover is coming ;
Make room ! and for me ;
This dear, busy old world
Keeps a place for the Bee.

Spring

The frogs and the birds
Are learning to sing : —
Every one to his task !
I command it — the Spring.

Robin

The sweet baby violets
To bed now may creep ;
Their work is all over,
See, they nod in their sleep.

Bluebird

See, the blossoms are flying,
The cry that we hear,
"Springtime is going
And Summer is near."

All in Concert

It is spring by the river ;
It is spring everywhere,
Hills, woods, and meadows
Were never so fair.

— *Adapted.*

SUMMER WOODS

TIME : *Morning.*

PLACE : *A spot near a pleasant wood.*

SIX GIRLS. FIVE BOYS.

First Girl

Come ye into the summer woods ;
There entereth no annoy ;
All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see,
The bursting of the golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

First Boy

There, lightly swung in bowery glades,
The honeysuckles twine ;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark-blue columbine.

Second Girl

There grows the four-leaved plant, "true
love,"
In some dusk woodland spot ;
There grows the enchanter's night-shade,
And the wood forget-me-not.
And many a merry bird is there,
Unscared by lawless men ;
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker,
And the golden-crested wren.

Second Boy

Come down, and ye shall see them all,
The timid and the bold ;
For their sweet life of pleasantness,
It is not to be told.

And far within the summer wood,
Among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook,
The brightest e'er was seen.

Third Girl

There come the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge,
And freely drink their fill !
And dash about and splash about,
The merry little things ;
And look askance with bright black eyes,
And flirt their dripping wings.

Third Boy

I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
Down from their leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old ;
Great joy it was to me !
And down unto the running brook,
I've seen them nimbly go ;
And the bright water seemed to speak
A welcome kind and low.

Fourth Girl

The nodding plants they bowed their heads
As if in heartsome cheer :

They spake unto these little things,
 "'Tis merry living here !"

Fourth Boy

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy !
 I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight
 All round us, if we would !

Fifth Girl

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,
 Beneath the old wood shade,
And all the day long has work to do,
 Nor is of aught afraid.

Fifth Boy

The green shoots grow above their heads,
 And roots so fresh and fine
Beneath their feet ; nor is there strife
 'Mong them for mine and thine.

Sixth Girl

There is enough for every one,
 And they lovingly agree ;
We might learn a lesson all of us,
 Beneath the greenwood tree.

— MARY HOWITT.

BIRDS IN SUMMER

TIME: *Afternoon.*PLACE: *A meadow.*

NINE GIRLS.

SEVEN BOYS.

Girl

How pleasant the life of a bird must be
Flitting about in each leafy tree ;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers light and boon,
That open to sun and stars and moon ;
That open to the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

Girl

They have left their nests on the forest bough ;
Those homes of delight they need not now ;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about.

Boy

And hark ! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other in love they call !
“Come up ! Come up !” they seem to say,
“Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway.

Boy

“Come up ! Come up ! for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer
air.”



Girl

And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come to the branches high !"

Girl

How pleasant the lives of the birds must be
Living in love in the leafy tree !
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green bright earth below !

Boy

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Swimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to the cliff-built home !

Boy

What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy
morn !
To meet the young Sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space.

Girl

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud ;
To sing in the thunder-halls aloud ;
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight
With the upper cloud-winds — oh, what de-
light !

Boy

O, what would I give, like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of a sunlit bow,
And see how the water drops are kissed
Into green and yellow amethyst.

Girl

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee !

Girl

To go when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls.

Boy

Then to wheel about with their mates at play,
Above and below and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child !

Boy

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees ;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath !

Girl

And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,

Girl

That gladden some fairy region old †

All

On the mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of a forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be !

— MARY HOWITT.

WAKE UP, LITTLE DAISY

TIME: *Morning.*

PLACE: *A field.*

TWO GIRLS. TWO BOYS. FOUR OTHER CHILDREN.

Girl

Wake up, little Daisy, the summer is high,
The dear little Robin is up in the sky ;
The snowdrop and crocus are never so slow,
Then wake up, little Daisy, and hasten to
grow.

All

Wake up, wake up, wake up, little Daisy,
And hasten to grow.

Boy

I tease pleasant sunshine to rest on your
head,
The dew and the rain-drops to moisten your
bed,

And then every morning I just take a peep,
To see your little face, but you're still fast
asleep.

All

Wake up, wake up, wake up, little Daisy,
And hasten to grow.

Boy

Mother often tells me, if I would be wise,
And honored and happy, I early must rise ;
So I'm up in the morning, and out in the dew,
With all the little birds, and the honeybees
too.

All

Wake up, wake up, wake up, little Daisy,
And hasten to grow.

Girl

Listen, little Daisy, I'll tell you what's said,
The lark thinks you're lazy and love your
warm bed,
But I'll not believe it, for now I can see
Your bright little eyes softly winking at me.

All

Wake up, wake up, wake up, little Daisy,
And hasten to grow.

— Anonymous.

BIRD SONGS

TIME: *Morning.*PLACE: *At the entrance to a forest.*

THREE GIRLS.

THREE BOYS.

OWL.

LARK.

NIGHTINGALE.

Owl

I will sing a song,
I, the Owl.

Boy

You sing a song,
Ugly fowl !

Girl

What will you sing about,
Night in and day out ?

Owl

All about the night,
When the gray
With her cloak smothers bright,
Hard, sharp day.
O, the moon ! the cool dew !
And the shadows ! — tu-whoo !

Nightingale

I will sing a song,
I, the nightingale.

Girl

Sing a song, long, long,
Little neverfail !

Girl

What will you sing about,
Day in, or day out ?

Nightingale

All about the light
Gone away,
Down, away, and out of sight :
Wake up, day !
For the people are not dead,
Only gone to bed.

Lark

I will sing a song,
I, the lark.

Boy

Sing, sing, Throat-strong,
Little Kill-the-dark !

Boy

What will you sing about,
Day in and day out ?

Lark

I can only call ;
I can't think ;
Let me up, that's all !
I see a chink !
I've been thirsting all night
For the glorious light !

— GEORGE MACDONALD (*Adapted*).



THE MONTHS

TIME: *Afternoon.*PLACE: *Schoolroom.*

SIX BOYS.

SIX GIRLS.

Herbert

We about the months will tell,
Each for some one holds a spell.
There is one that I like best,
Better far than all the rest.
Try to guess its name you may
While the others have their say.

Catherine

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.
But each healthy girl and boy
Finds it brimming o'er with joy.

Timothy

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.
But the winter is not done,
Oft the snow clouds hide the sun.

Helen

March brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil.
Now and then the song is heard
Of some happy, glad Spring bird.

Morris

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.
Spring indeed is with us now,
There's a bird for every bow.

Eva

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Sporting 'round their fleecy dams ;
Decks the banks of moss with blue,
Paints the earth in colors new.

Warren

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.
Field and wood with song are filled
By musicians wondrous skilled.

Nancy

Hot July brings thunder showers,
Apricots and gilly flowers ;
Flags and banners then we have
For our land so dear and brave.

Theodore

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne ;
Soon vacation days will end,
Back to school our way we'll wend.

Ora

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot ;
In the fields the grazing stock,
And the grain in golden shock.

Percy

Brown October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.
In the frosty air and cool
We go racing off to school.

Pearl

Dull November brings the blast,
Hark ! the leaves are whirling fast ;
Soon Thanksgiving Day will wait
With its treasures at your gate.

Herbert

Cold December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat ;
Had you guessed, before I told,
I choose this month of joy and cold ?

All

(*Sing heartily.*)

Christmas to our hearts is dear,
But our love lasts through the year,
Winter, springtime, summer, fall,
There is something good in all.

— SUSAN COOLIDGE (*Adapted*).

THE SONG OF THE WOOD

TIME: *Morning.*PLACE: *In a wood.*

SEVEN CHILDREN.

THE GREEN LEAVES.

Boy

What are you singing of, soft and mild,
Green leaves, waving your gentle hands ?

Girl

Is it a song for a little child,
Or a song God only understands ?

Boy

Is it a song of hope or fear ?
A song of regret that you must die ?

Girl

Is it a song of welcome cheer ?

Girl

Is it a song of a sad good-by ?

Boy

Is it some message that you bring,
Hanging there mid the earth and sky ?

Girl

Who has taught you the song you sing ?
Or do you sing though you know not why ?

The Green Leaves

What is our song so soft and mild ?

The Children

Yes, and your song so sweet and clear !

The Green Leaves

It is a song for every child,

It is a song God loves to hear.

It is the only song we know ;

We never question how or why.

'Tis not a song of fear or woe,

A song of regret that we must die :

Ever at morn and at eventide

This is our song in the deep old wood :

"Earth is beautiful, Heaven is wide,

And we are happy, for God is good."

— F. E. WEATHERLY (*Adapted*).

A SUMMER DAY

TIME : *Day*.

PLACE : *On a green*.

THREE GIRLS. THREE BOYS. CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

Children

This is the way the morning dawns :

Girl

Rosy tints on flowers and trees,

Winds that wake the birds and bees,

Dewdrops on the field and lawns, —

Children

This is the way the morning dawns.

Children

This is the way the Sun comes up :

Boy

Gold on brook and glossy leaves,
Mist that melts above the sheaves,
Vine, and rose, and buttercup, —

Children

This is the way the Sun comes up.

Children

This is the way the river flows :

Boy

Here a whirl, and there a dance,
Slowly now, then like a lance
Swiftly to the sea it goes, —

Children

This is the way the river flows.

Children

This is the way the rain comes down :

Girl

Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,
Over roof and chimney top ;
Boughs that bend, and skies that frown, —

Children

This is the way the rain comes down.

Children

This is the way the birdie sings :

Girl (Sings.)

“Baby birdies in the nest,
You I surely love the best ;
Over you I fold my wings,” —

Children

This is the way the birdie sings.

Children

This is the way the daylight dies :

Boy

Cows are lowing in the lane,
Glowworms wink on hill and plain ;
Yellow, red, and purple skies, —

Children

This is the way the daylight dies.

— Anonymous.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN

TIME: *Day.*

PLACE: *The schoolroom.*

FOUR GIRLS.

FOUR BOYS.

Girl

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson I have to learn.



Boy

I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

Boys and Girls

We must work at our tasks with a resolute
will,
Over and over again.

Girl

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.

Boy

But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Girl

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill wheel goes.

Boy

Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain ;
And a blessing failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

Boys and Girls

Yes, come if we try again.

Boys and Girls

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet ;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.

Boy

Though sorrowful tears must fall
And the heart to its depths be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

Girl

We must take our turn at the mill,
We must grind out the golden grain,
We must work at our tasks with a resolute
will,
Over and over again.

— Anonymous (*Adapted*).

WISHING

TIME: *Day.*PLACE: *The garden.*

FOUR GIRLS.

FOUR BOYS.

Girl

Ring-ting ! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the
Spring !

The stooping bough above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm tree for our king !

Boy

Nay, — stay ! I wish I were an Elm tree,
A great, lofty Elm tree, with green leaves gay !
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

Boy

Oh, no ! I wish I were a Robin, —
A Robin, or a little Wren, everywhere to go,
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wings !

Girl

Well — tell ! where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell ?
Before the day was over
Home must come the rover,
For mother's kiss, — sweeter this
Than any other thing.

Girl

Ring — ting ! 'twere good to be a Primrose.

Boy

Nay, — a great Elm tree budding in the
spring.

Boy

I'd be a Robin Redbreast.

Girl

To be a gentle Wren were best.

Boys and Girls

No, home and mother's arms and kiss
Is best of anything.

— WILLIAM ALLINGHAM (*Adapted*).

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

TIME: *Morning.*PLACE: *Near the river Dee.*

KING HAL.

CHAMBERLAIN.

MILLER.

Chamberlain

Here comes the Miller, hale and bold,
He lives beside the Dee ;
He works and sings from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he.
The burden of his song you'll know,
You'll hear it presently.

Miller (*Sings as he comes near.*)

I envy nobody ; no, not I,
And nobody envies me.

King Hal

Thou art quite wrong in this, my friend,
As wrong as wrong can be ;
For could my heart be light as thine
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king
Beside the river Dee ?

Miller

To earn one's bread makes oft for song,
As surely you'll agree.
I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three ;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me.

King Hal

Good friend, I understand you now.
Farewell, and happy be ;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee ;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O Miller of the Dee.

— CHARLES MACKAY (*Adapted*).

A LAUGHING CHORUS

TIME: *Forenoon.*PLACE: *Near a pleasant wood.*

SIX GIRLS.

FOUR BOYS.

Boy

O, such a commotion under the ground
Since March called, "Ho, there ! ho !"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whispering to and fro.

Girl

And, "Are you ready ?" the Snowdrop asked,
" 'Tis time to start, you know."

Girl

"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied ;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."

Boy

Then, "Ha ! Ha ! Ha !" the chorus heard
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the
ground —
Yes — millions — beginning to grow.

All

Ha, ha, ha, ha ! Ha, ha !
Is the way they laughed, you know.

Girl

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
"When I hear the bluebirds sing."

Girl

"And straight away," Narcissus just cried,
"My silver and gold I'll bring."

Girl

"And ere they are dulled," another speaks,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring."

Boy

Now Violet calls softly, "I'm here, I'm here !"
O, sweet grows the air of Spring !
Then, "Ha ! Ha ! Ha !" the chorus heard
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the
ground —
Yes — millions — beginning to grow.

All

Ha, ha, ha, ha ! Ha, ha !
Is the way they laughed, you know.

Boy

Oh, the pretty brave things ! through the
coldest days,
Imprisoned in walls of brown,

They never lost heart though the blast shrieked
 loud,
And the sleet and the hail came down,
But patiently each wrought her beautiful
 dress,
Or fashioned her beautiful crown.

Girl

And now they are coming to brighten the
 world,
Still shadowed by Winter's frown ;
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha ! Ha !" ^{very}
In a chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground —
Yes — millions — beginning to grow.

All

Ha, ha, ha, ha ! Ha, ha !
Is the way they laughed, you know.

— Anonymous (*Adapted*).

THE POPPY-LAND LIMITED EXPRESS

TIME: *Evening.*PLACE: *The nursery.*

ROSE.

PANSY.

DAISY.

FLORA.

MOTHER.

FATHER.

Rose

The first train leaves at six P.M.

For the land where the poppy blows ;
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

Pansy

The palace car is the mother's arms ;
The whistle, a low, sweet strain ;
The passenger winks and nods and blinks
And goes to sleep in the train !

Daisy

At eight P.M. the next train starts
For the Poppy-land afar,
The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car !"

Flora

But what is the fare to Poppy-land ?
I hope it is not too dear.

Mother

The fare is this, a hug and a kiss
And it's paid to the engineer.

Father

We ask of Him who children took

On his knee in kindness great ;

“Take charge, we pray, of the trains each day
That leave at six and eight.

“Keep watch of the passengers, too,” we
pray,

“For to us they are very dear ;
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O’er the gentle engineer.”

— EDGAR WADE ABBOTT in “The Outlook” (*Adapted*).

ECHO

TIME: *Midday.*

PLACE: *A field near a hill.*

MOTHER. MARIAN. KATE. NELLIE. ROBERT. DAVID.
GEORGE. CARLO. ECHO.

Mother You know the story about Echo ?

Several Yes, mother.

Kate She was a beautiful nymph.

David She was the fairest of all the nymphs.

Mother Yes.

Nellie She had the sweetest voice, too, of
them all.

George Just what was it happened to her, mother? I don't remember exactly. But I know she did something that displeased somebody.

Mother Tell us, Marian.

Marian Why, one day Queen Juno was displeased at something Echo did. The queen was very powerful.

Robert That's right, she was. She could turn a nymph into a stone, a breeze, a fountain, —

Mother Wait, Robert, sister Marian was telling about Echo and Juno. Go on, Marian, please.

Marian Queen Juno was greatly put out with Echo. She became quite angry with her. At last she said, "I am going to punish you, Echo, in a way you will not forget."

George I know now what she did.

Mother Let sister tell.

Marian "You may keep your sweet voice," the great queen said, "but that is all. You can never ask a question on your own part. All you can ever do is repeat what others say to you."

George I know what happened then. Echo grew so thin and so pale that nothing was left of her but her voice. And that is all that remains of her to-day.

Kate She is like the Wind, you can hear his voice but you cannot see him.

Nellie We feel the Wind; Echo is never felt.

Robert Is Echo everywhere?

Mother No, not everywhere. But she has a home in that hill beyond this field. One of you call to her and see if she does not answer. David, you call.

David Oh, Echo! Echo!

Echo Oh, Echo! Echo!

Mother We are standing in just the right spot to make Echo hear us.

Carlo Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow!

Echo Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow!

George Ha! Ha! Ha! Good for you, Carlo.

Echo Ha! Ha! Ha! Good for you, Carlo.

Kate Wasn't that funny?

Nellie I am going to ask her something.
Do you know me ?

Echo Do you know me ?

Marian I want to ask Echo something too.
Echo —

Echo Echo !

Marian She doesn't wait to hear what I have
to say.

Mother Ask your question at once.

Marian Are you in the hill ?

Echo Are you in the hill ?

Marian It is true, she can only repeat what
we say.

Kate I have a question to ask. Will you
come to me ?

Echo Come to me.

Kate She wants me to go to her.

Mother You would find it a difficult journey.

David One without end, wouldn't it be ?

Mother Yes, so far as I know.

George Echo ! Echo ! Echo ! Echo !

Echo Echo ! Echo ! Echo ! Echo !

Several Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

Echo Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

Nellie Her laughter is sweeter than ours.

Robert Wait, I have something to tell her.
I don't like you.

Echo I don't like you.

Robert What a queer creature she is.

Marian Echo, you are cross.

Echo Echo, you are cross.

David Ha, ha, ha ! You are ugly.

Echo Ha, ha, ha ! You are ugly.

Kate Oh, Echo, you are not cross.

Echo Oh, Echo, you are not cross.

Marian You are dear.

Echo You are dear.

Robert It is true, she answers back with almost everything we say to her. If we call out mean things to her, she says mean things in reply. If we speak pleasantly, she answers in her sweetest voice.

Nellie I think it too bad Juno caused Echo to fade and grow so thin that no one can see her any more.

Marian It is too bad.

Echo Too bad.

Marian She heard me.

Echo She heard me.

Kate She's sorry for herself.

Echo Sorry for herself.

Mother Shall we leave Echo now and go where the violets are? We can come back.

Echo Come back.

Nellie Echo heard you, mother.

George Let's give her three cheers.

All Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Echo Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Kate How sweetly she answered us!

Robert Yes. All say good-by.

All Good-by!

Echo Good-by!

Mother Now come, the violets are this way.

Echo This way!

Several Echo wants us to come to her.

THE LARK AND HER LITTLE ONES

I

TIME: *Morning.*

PLACE: *Rye field.*

FATHER LARK. MOTHER LARK. FIVE BABY LARKS.
FARMER. SON.

Father Lark We certainly have five fine children.

Mother Lark Fine indeed. We must see that they get plenty to eat so that they can leave home before the farmer comes to cut his rye.

Father Lark It is growing very fast. Well, I will go and get some food for our babies now. Good-by!

Mother Lark Good-by. Children, say good-by to your father.

Baby Larks Good-by!

Father Lark Good-by, children. Be sure to obey your mother.

Baby Larks Yes, father, we will.

Mother Lark Now, children, I am going over to the meadow to find food. You must not go to sleep while I am away. If the farmer comes to this field, remember what he says, to tell me. Good-by.

Baby Larks Good-by, mother.

First Baby Lark I thought I heard some one coming.

Second Baby Lark It was the wind passing by.

Third Baby Lark No, that was not the wind. I heard the same sound too. There it is again.

Fourth Baby Lark It is the noise men make when they walk.

Fifth Baby Lark It must be the farmer coming.

First Baby Lark Some one is with him. Listen ! We must hear what they say, to tell to mother.

Son This rye is ripe, father.

Farmer I see it is. It must be cut to-morrow.

Son Shall we ask our friends to help us ?

Farmer Yes, we will go ask them now.

The Baby Larks (*Farmer and son go away.*)
Oh, dear ! Oh, dear !

Second Baby Lark Mother has come with food for us.

Mother Lark Well, children, was the farmer here ?

Third Baby Lark Yes, he came with his son.

Mother Lark What did the farmer say ?

Fourth Baby Lark He said the rye must be cut to-morrow. He has gone to ask his friends to help him. What shall we do ? We are not strong enough to fly.

Mother Lark Never mind, children, there is nothing to fear. We need not fly away to-day. The farmer's friends will not come to help him.

II

TIME: *Morning, next day.*

PLACE: *The rye field.*

MOTHER LARK. BABY LARKS. FARMER. SON.

First Baby Lark The farmer and his son are coming to cut the rye.

Second Baby Lark We must hear what they say.

Farmer There is no one here to help us cut the rye.

Son No, father. We asked our friends to help us but they have not come.

Farmer Not one has come. We will ask our cousins to help us cut the rye to-morrow.

Third Baby Lark Have they gone?

Fourth Baby Lark Yes.

Fifth Baby Lark Here comes mother.

Mother Lark Why, children, children, what makes you flutter so? Have the farmer and his son been here again?

Baby Larks Yes, yes, mother, yes.

Mother Lark What did the farmer say?

First Baby Lark The farmer said he would ask his cousins to help him cut the rye to-morrow.

Mother Lark Don't let that trouble you.

Second Baby Lark But, mother, we must fly away or we shall be killed.

Mother Lark No, we do not need to fly away. The farmer's friends did not come to-day. His cousins will not come to-morrow.

III

TIME: *Morning, next day.*

PLACE: *The rye field.*

MOTHER LARK. BABY LARKS. FARMER. SON.

Third Baby Lark The farmer and his son are here again.

Fourth Baby Lark Yes. What are they saying?

Farmer Our cousins have not come yet. We will wait a little while longer.

Son Do you think it worth while to wait, father?

Farmer No. They will not come now. But, son, this rye must be cut. To-morrow I will cut it myself, and you may help me. Let us go now and make things ready.

Fifth Baby Lark Did you all hear what the farmer said?

Baby Larks Yes, we heard what he said.

First Baby Lark I wish mother were home.

Second Baby Lark She is coming now.

Baby Larks Mother, mother! We must fly away at once.

Mother Lark Has the farmer been here?

Third Baby Lark Yes, mother.

Mother Lark What did he say?

Fourth Baby Lark He said that the rye must be cut to-morrow. He is going to cut it himself, and his son will help him.

Mother Lark Then we must fly away. The farmer will do as he says. Come, we will fly to the meadow.

IV

TIME: *Afternoon, same day.*

PLACE: *The rye field.*

FARMER.

SON.

Farmer (Farmer and son have met, having just finished cutting the rye.)

I thought we might find a lark's nest here and some baby larks. I saw a mother bird flying away this morning to the meadow.

Son Yes, I saw her too. Here is an empty nest. It is a lark's nest.

Farmer So it is. Listen!

Son What do you hear ?

Farmer The larks. They are over in the meadow singing. Do you understand their song ?

Son No. I wish I did. It is very sweet.

Larks (*They are singing in the meadow.*)

“Father, we thank thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light ;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.”

THE SWALLOW AND THE LITTLE BIRDS

I

TIME: *Morning.*

PLACE: *Near a field where planting is going on.*

FARMER. SON. SWALLOW. ROBIN. WREN. BLUEJAY.
SPARROW. CROW. BOBOLINK. BLUEBIRD. YEL-
LOWBIRD. THRUSH.

Swallow

By voyages in the air,
With constant thought and care,
I have great fund of knowledge gained,
Which is for public use retained.

Bluejay

She's wise, for this I've heard, —
 You'll wonder at the bird, —
 The slightest storms she well foreknows
 And tells the sailors ere it blows.

Crow

Indeed the bird is wise,
 And quite to my surprise.

Robin

A weather prophet ! Don't be vain,
 Am I not herald of the rain ?

Wren

That's true, he is. And yet,
 We all know when it's wet.

Bobolink

Why, any bird, with sense at all,
 Will know rain when it starts to fall.

Sparrow

Ha ! Ha !

Bluebird

Ha ! Ha !

Thrush

And Wren's so clever !

Yellowbird

She can't give points about the weather.

Farmer (*Appears with son, and both are scattering seed.*)

That swallow over there —

Son

I see.

Farmer

An interest always has for me.
Of wisdom she has store,
Is always adding more.
And ready stands to give advice
That would be cheap at any price ; —
To any bird, I mean.
But they're as slow to glean
As men, who let more harvests rot
Than all earth's wealth has ever bought.

Son

What is she doing now,
That bird so wise ? I trow,
There is some scheme afoot
She'll into action put.
Some knowledge gained, new found,
She will make known, I'm bound,
To all those many birds you see
Assembled in yon apple tree.

Farmer

We'll let the swallow have her say,
This seed must all be sown to-day.

(Farmer and son walk away scattering the seed.)

Swallow

My friends, kind friends, the freedom let me
take

To prophesy a little for your sake,
Against this dangerous seed.

Though such a bird as I
Knows how to hide or fly,
You birds a caution need.
See you that waving hand ?

Bluejay

We see the farmer there,
And son, a worthy pair.

Swallow

Note every one that hand,
It scatters on the land
What well may cause alarm.
'Twill grow to nets and snares,
To catch you unawares,
And work you fatal harm !

Sparrow

O what a merry jest !

Crow

Quite so, I'll be confessed.

Bobolink

It makes me want to laugh.

Yellowbird

Why, Swallow, should you chaff ?

Swallow

Great multitudes, I fear,
Of you, my birdies, dear,
That falling seed, so little,
Will bring to cage or kettle.
But though so perilous the plot,
You now may easily defeat it :
All lighting on the seeded spot,
Just scratch up every seed and eat it.

Bobolink

Ha ! Ha ! I think we won't do that.

Swallow

You'll let the farmer's fields grow fat ?

Bobolink

Why not ?

Wren

Why not ? When clothed in green
There is no fairer sight I ween.

Swallow

Then we will straightway end debate.

But still I wish to ward off fate.

(Flies out of sight.)

Thrush

She tries me, tries me quite.

Robin

I'm sure she would do right.

Bluejay

That is the way with all.

But, friends, I can't recall

A bird with more conceit,

And wisdom less complete.

Farmer

The last seed has been sown.

Son

I'm glad of it I own.

But I am glad of this great field ;

A mighty harvest it should yield.

Farmer

The field will give a rich reward.

Those birds have flown with one accord.

Son

The swallow went, I know,

From them some time ago.

Farmer

Be sure her counsel wise
Not one was led to prize.
Each thinks himself more fit
Than any other bird.
Scoffs at his best friend's word,
Thus showing lack of wit.

II

TIME: *A morning in Autumn.*

PLACE: *The edge of a field. A great net is spread in which
are many little birds.*

SWALLOW. ROBIN. WREN. . BLUEJAY. SPARROW.
CROW. BOBOLINK. BLUEBIRD. YELLOWBIRD.
THRUSH. SEVERAL OTHER SMALL BIRDS.

Robin

We heard the swallow's warning voice,
But we were pleased to make our choice.
She warned us o'er and o'er again
When this hemp cord was tender grain.
"Seize now, and pull it root by root,
Or surely you'll repent its fruit,"
She said. You called her "babbling prophet-
ess."

Bluejay

I did, I did, I now confess.

Bobolink

I said, I know, when you were done,
"You'd set us at some pretty fun !"

Wren

And I said —

"To pull this field a thousand birds are needed,
While thousands more with hemp are seeded."

Thrush

We're not as wise as we had thought.

Yellowbird

No, every one may more be taught.

The crop was quite mature,

The swallow said :

"Thus far I've failed of cure ;

I've prophesied in vain

Against this fatal grain :

It's grown. And now, my bonny birds,

Though you have disbelieved my words

Thus far, take heed at last."

Sparrow

Again we failed. Time of harvest passed,

Men had no crops to labor for,

On birds did wage a cruel war.

They spread this deadly net,

With tempting bait 'twas set.

Bluebird

We, silly creatures that we are,
Flew to this trap from near and far.
And now, when we are caught,
Sadly bemoan our lot.

Crow (*Comes along lazily.*)

What, in a trap? Dear me! Dear me!
With swallow I did not agree.
But I am always shy
Of baits that too tempting lie.

Several (*Swallow appears.*)

You might have warned us.

Crow

I!

Who passed a warning by?
My safety I to instinct owe.

Swallow

That's true. You, friends, I sought to show
How, by a little labor spent,
You might escape what you resent.
But you my warning would not hear;
And what has happened I did fear.

Bluejay

We heed no instincts but our own;
Believe no evil till the evil's done.

Crow

A wiser bird than you should this have said,
Although the wise we value most when dead.

Swallow

The fowler comes his prize to view,
There's no escape, my friends, for you.

I speak to all uncaught :

By him who knows he taught ;

Then may you laugh at fate

When one repents too late.

*(Flies away. The crow follows her as do
several birds not caught in the net.)*

The Birds in the Net

Alas ! Alas ! That we should be

Left in this dire extremity.

— ÆSOP, LA FONTAINE (*Adapted*).

JACK FROST

TIME: *Morning.*

PLACE: *A living room.*

SEVEN GIRLS.

SEVEN BOYS.

Girl

Some one has been in the garden,

Nipping the flowers so fair ;

All the green leaves are withered :

Now, who do you think has been there ?

Boy

Some one has been in the forest,
Cracking the chestnut-burs.

Girl

Who is it dropping the chestnuts
Whenever a light wind stirs ?

Boy

Some one has been on the hilltop,
Chipping the moss-covered rocks.

Girl

Who has been cracking and breaking
Them into fragments and blocks ?

Girl

Some one has been at the windows,
Marking on every pane.

Boy

Who made those glittering pictures
Of lacework, fir trees, and grain ?

Boy

Some one is all the time working
Out on the pond so blue,
Bridging it over with crystal :
Who, oh, who is it now ?

The Others

Can you tell who ?

Boy

While his good bridge he is building,
We will keep guard at the gate ;
And when he has it all finished,
Hurrah for the boys that can skate !

All

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Hurrah for the boys that can skate !

Girl

Let him work on : we are ready.

Girl

Not much for our fun does it cost.

Boy

Three cheers for the bridge he is making !

Girl

And three, with a will, for Jack Frost !

Boy

All ready.

All

Hurrah for Jack Frost !

— Anonymous (*Adapted*).

WORK AND PLAY

TIME: *Morning.*PLACE: *A field.*

MABEL. MOTHER. BEE. ROBIN. SQUIRREL. BROOK.

Mabel Where can I find a playmate? The daisies and buttercups say they cannot stop to play, and the butterflies do not answer me at all but fly away. Oh, here comes a bee! He is getting honey from the clover. I will ask him to play with me. How do you do, little bee, can you not come and play with me?

Bee Play with you, little girl? Can you not see how busy I am? The clover has honey for me, and I must get it home to-day.

Mabel Oh, dear! Does the bee never play? There he goes, and every clover is giving him honey. Who will play with me?

Robin (*Suddenly comes near Mabel.*)

Cheer, cheer, cheer, cheer! a worm, I say,
A feast to me is any day.

Mabel Good morning, Robin. Come and play with me. The bee would not come because he is taking home honey that the clover gave him. But you have nothing to do.

Robin Nothing to do, with four to feed ?
Nothing to do ? Indeed ! Indeed !

Mabel Robin has gone. He was angry. There he is getting worms for his hungry children.

(*Gray Squirrel runs up to Mabel.*)

Squirrel Hello, little girl ! What are you doing ?

Mabel I am looking for some one to play with me. Do come and we will play together. That is all you do.

Squirrel I am not playing. I have hungry babies in that hollow tree that must be fed. Do you not hear them calling ?

Mabel Yes, I hear them.

Squirrel When they are strong enough I will teach them to run and jump and find their own food. I am going now to feed my hungry babies.

Mabel Everybody is so busy. Oh, Brook, I did not see you before. You are so pretty ! and you are always laughing. You certainly have nothing to do but play.

Brook Nothing to do, did I hear you say ?
I take no rest either night or day ;
I work while you sleep, work while you play.

I comfort bring to flowers and grass,
As through the meadows I swiftly pass.
The cows oft drink of my water clear,
And the ducks come here to swim, my dear,
And for the fishes I make a home ;
But I am forever bound to roam.
There is no rest for such as me ;
The wheel of the miller waits, you see.
Into the river I soon will flow,
Then into the ocean's arms will go.

Mabel The Brook won't play with me, no one will play with me. Everybody is busy doing something.

(Mother appears.)

Oh, mother dear, I want to work ! Please let me help you ! Will you ?

Mother Certainly I will. But what has happened, child ? You never asked before if you might help me. You have always said when I wanted you to help that you had not enough time for play. But I am glad if you want to work. It is good to work.

Mabel Yes, I want to work now, mother dear. I will help you a lot. Then I shall be happy.

Mother Yes, you will be happy if you work willingly.

Mabel I know that now, mother. The Bee, the Robin, the Squirrel, and the Brook have all taught me that one is happiest when he is busiest.

Mother That is very true, my child. I will give you some work to do every day.

Mabel Thank you, mother, I will do it gladly.

— *Adapted.*

WHAT THE BURDOCK WAS GOOD FOR

TIME: *Morning.*

PLACE: *Beside a stone wall.*

FIVE BOYS.

FOUR GIRLS.

Boy

“Good for nothing,” the farmer said,
As he made a sweep at the burdock’s head;
But then it was best, no doubt,
To come some day and root her out.

Boy

So he lowered his scythe and went his way,
To see his corn, or gather his hay;

And the weed grew safe and strong and tall,
Close by the side of the garden wall.

Girl

"Good for home," cried the little toad,
As he hopped up out of the dusty road.
He had just been having a dreadful fright, —
The boy who gave it was yet in sight.

Girl

Here it was cool, and dark, and green,
The safest kind of a leafy screen.
The toad was happy: "For," said he,
"The burdock was plainly meant for me."

Boy

"Good for a prop," the spider thought,
And too and fro with care he wrought,
Till he fastened it all to an evergreen
And spun his cables fine between.

Girl

'Twas a beautiful bridge, — a triumph of skill,
The flies came 'round as idlers will;
The spider lurked in his corner dim;
The more that came the better for him.

Girl

"Good for play," said a child, perplex
To know what frolic was coming next;

So she gathered the burs that all despised,
And her city playmates were quite surprised
To see what a beautiful basket or chair
Could be made, with a little time and care.
They arranged their treasures about with pride,
And played all day by the burdock's side.

Boy

Nothing is lost in this world of ours ;
Honey comes from the idle flowers ;
The weed which we pass in utter scorn,
May save a life by another morn ;
Wonders await us at every turn.

Boy

We must be silent and gladly learn,
No room for recklessness or abuse,
Since even a burdock has its use.

— Anonymous.

THE WIND AND THE SUN

TIME: *Noonday.*

PLACE: *A roadway.*

A MAN. THE SUN. THE WIND. FOUR GIRLS.
FOUR BOYS.

First Boy (*Comes along with three other boys.*)

Is this the place where the girls said they
would meet us ?

Third Boy Yes. There stands the old oak tree by the bend in the road.

Second Boy I think I saw them turn down the lane just then. They will be here very soon.

Fourth Boy There they are now, waving to us. Let us call to them.

The Four Hello! Oh! Hello!

The Four Girls (*Answer from some distance away.*) Hello! Hello!

First Boy Come, let us wave our hats.

Third Boy The girls are waving to us.

Second Boy Is Miss Crane with them?

Fourth Boy You know she is not. She and Miss Snow are to meet us all in Mr. Bent's grove.

Second Boy Here are the girls now. See, they have the baskets of lunch with them.

The Boys Hello, girls!

The Girls Hello. Are we late?

The Boys No, you are right on time, we were early.

First Girl See that little cloud. Is it going to rain?

Second Girl Oh, I hope not. The rain would spoil our fun.

First Boy I don't think it will rain, but it may blow.

Fourth Girl The wind will make it cooler. It certainly is warm.

Third Girl It is the warmest day we have had this Spring.

Second Girl That cloud is growing larger. It is trying to hide the sun. I want to watch it, and see if it grows any larger.

Third Boy We have time enough, let us watch the cloud and see if it grows larger or smaller.

Third Girl Do you boys know that man coming down the road? There he is, passing the tall elm.

The Boys We do not know him.

Second Boy Do you see him drawing his cloak about him as if he felt cold?

The Others Yes. Can he be cold?

First Girl Perhaps the wind is blowing where he is. See, he is holding his hat.

Third Girl The wind is blowing here. How cold a wind it is.

Fourth Boy The wind is blowing hard.

Second Girl Does the wind really come from that cloud?

First Boy Yes, the wind is coming from that cloud.

II

The Wind Ho, Sun !

Sun Yes, friend Wind.

The Wind Do you see yon man with his cloak wrapped about him ?

Sun Yes, I have been watching him for some time.

The Wind I am going to make him remove his cloak presently.

Sun Indeed.

The Wind You think I cannot do it ?

Sun I did not say so.

The Wind I will show you, friend Sun, that I can do this thing, and in a trice too.

Sun Well, I will watch you. Do you blow, friend Wind, and see what the man does.

The Wind I know what he will do, he will take off his cloak.

Sun Very well, blow.

The Wind I will blow. That cloak shall come off.

The Man What has caused the wind to blow ?

It keeps blowing harder and harder. I am glad that I wore my cloak, I would be cold without it. Why, how fierce the wind has grown. It is working itself into a great fury. That time it nearly knocked me off my feet.

Third Boy We had best stay in this sheltered place until the wind stops blowing.

First Girl Will it stop soon ?

Third Boy Yes, I think so. When the wind starts to blow suddenly, it seldom blows for long.

Fourth Girl Oh, see the man ! The wind almost turned him about then.

Second Girl. He must find it cold. See how tight his cloak is drawn about him.

Fourth Boy It is cold. I wish I had a cloak to wrap about me.

Second Boy We can run and keep warm. In the woods it will not be so cold.

Third Girl The sun is warm, I can feel its warmth. The wind cannot blow its fires out.

First Boy The wind will soon be done blowing, then the sun will quickly make us warm.

Second Girl Too warm, perhaps.

The Sun Well, friend Wind, have you made the man take off his cloak?

The Wind Not yet, but I shall soon have it off. I have but to blow a little harder and I shall blow it from his shoulders.

The Man What a fierce wind to be blowing on a May day. It should be gentle, and laden with the perfume of early spring flowers. Why, it beats against me like a mad thing. I will stand here by this tree and see if the wind does not soon cease to blow.

The Wind I shall make the man remove his cloak.

The Sun I fear you will do some great harm blowing so hard.

The Wind That cloak must come off.

The Sun But if you blow harder —

The Wind I will blow harder. (*Stops blowing.*)

Oh, it is no use. You try, friend Sun, and see if you can make the man remove his cloak.

The Man I am glad the wind is still again. Now I can go on my way once more. The sun's warmth is very pleasing after that cold, fierce wind. That cut me like a knife.

The Wind The man still has his cloak on.
You will not succeed any better than I did.

The Sun Wait and you will see.

The Wind The cloak is still buttoned.

The Sun It is no longer held tightly about the man.

The Wind I see it is not, but he will not take it off.

The Sun I shall try a little longer.

III

First Girl The wind has stopped blowing.
We ought to be starting again to meet Miss Crane and Miss Snow. Don't let us make them wait.

Third Girl Didn't the wind stop blowing suddenly?

First Boy It was just a squall, a wind that comes up suddenly, and goes away suddenly.

Fourth Girl How much warmer it has grown.

Second Girl Yes, ever so much.

Second Boy I think it is going to be hot.

First Girl Will it be hot in the woods?

Second Boy No, it will be cool there.

Second Girl Why, you said when the wind was blowing that it would be warm there.

Second Boy Yes, it would have been warmer there than out here. But now, in the shadow of the woods it will be cool.

Second Girl Oh, I understand.

Fourth Girl It is really a great deal warmer.

Third Boy Yes, it is.

First Girl I see the man. He has loosened his cloak. The sun shines upon his back, and there is no shade for him to walk in.

Third Girl He has spread his cloak wide open.

The Wind You have made the man unbutton his cloak.

The Sun Do you see what he is doing now?

The Wind He is wiping his head. You have made him very warm. The man acts as if he were faint.

The Sun Now can you see what he is doing?

The Wind Why, I believe he is going to take off his cloak.

The Man I never knew the sun to be so hot at this time of the year. I must make haste to get into that shade where those children are. I don't know if I can. The heat has

made me so faint. It is this cloak, it feels like a great load. I will take it off.

Third Boy The man is taking off his cloak, the sun has made him so warm.

First Girl He seems faint.

Fourth Boy He is all right now that he has taken his cloak off.

Third Girl Yes. He is walking this way again.

Second Boy Let us hurry and meet him.

First Boy (*The children come up to the man.*)
Were you very warm, sir?

The Man Yes, I was very warm. I think I never knew the sun to be so hot before on a May day.

First Boy It is pretty hot. There is a spring of cool water in that shady place where we were standing when the wind blew.

The Man Thank you for telling me, I would like a drink of spring water.

First Girl It is splendid water.

The Man I will try it presently. Are you going on a picnic?

First Girl Yes, sir. We are to meet our teachers, Miss Crane and Miss Snow, in Mr. Bent's woods. They must be waiting for us.

The Man I will not keep you here any longer. Good-by, and thank you for telling me about the spring of cool water.

The Children Good-by, sir.

The Sun Well, friend Wind, what have you to say now ?

The Wind Why, you surely made the man take off his cloak. How did you do it ?

The Sun By being gentle. You were rough, and you blew a cold breath upon the man. He kept his coat on for protection.

The Wind I am always rough. Your gentle ways, I see, are best. — *Æsop's Fables (Adapted).*

WHAT THE SNOWBIRDS SAID

TIME: *Morning.*

PLACE: *Beside an old oaktree.*

FATHER GRAY BREAST. MOTHER BROWN. WEE WING.

BLACKCAP. BROWNIE SNOWBIRD. BRIGHT EYES.

The Snowbirds

Cheep, cheep ! We are little Snowbirds,
 Watching the snow come down ;
 We haven't a nest,
 Or a place of rest,
 Save this old oak turned brown.

Wee Wing

Cheep, cheep ! I am little Wee Wing,
The smallest bird of all ;
I have never a care,
In the winter air —
God cares for great and small.

Father Gray Breast

Peep, peep ! Heed your father, Gray Breast,
You're a thoughtless bird, my dear.
We all must eat,
And warm our feet,
When snow and ice are here.

Wee Wing

Cheep, cheep ! My dear, dear father,
You are wise and good, I know ;
But think of the fun
For each little one,
When we have ice and snow.

Blackcap

Now I can see, from my perch on the tree,
The merriest, merriest sight —
Boys skating along
On the ice so strong —
Cheep, cheep, how merry and bright !

Brownie Snowbird

And I see, from where I'm looking,
A sight that is prettier far —
Five dear little girls,
With clustering curls,
And eyes as bright as a star.

Bright Eyes

And I see, just over yonder,
A man made of ice and snow ;
He wears a queer hat,
His large nose is flat —
The little boys made him, I know.

Mother Brown

I see some sleds, there on the hill,
All filled with girls and boys ;
They laugh and sing,
Their voices ring,
And I like the cheerful noise.

The Snowbirds

Cheep, cheep, cheep ! Chee, chee, chee, chee,
chee !
Hurrah for ice and snow ;
For the girls and boys
Who drop us crumbs,
As away to their sports they go !

Blackcap

Hurrah for the winter, clear and cold,
When the dainty snowflakes fall !

The Snowbirds

We will sit and sing,
On our oaken swing,
For God takes care of us all.

— Anonymous (*Adapted*).

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

I

TIME : *Morning.*

PLACE : *Near a malt house.*

CAT.

MOUSE.

Cat This is a grand malt house. How I wish I were the owner. If I were, I would sell the malt and buy all the meat and cream in the market. Every Friday I would have all the fish I could eat. My, what a happy time I would have ! Hello, here comes my playmate, Mouse. Now for a fine frolic. I like to play with her. Good morning, friend Mouse.

Mouse Good morning, friend Cat. How well you are looking.

Cat I can say the same of you. I have never seen you looking so well.

Mouse Oh, thank you ! But you must not flatter me.

Cat I flatter you ? I am telling only the truth. Come, what do you say to running a race ?

Mouse Yes, I will run a race with you. Do you know I heard what you said about buying meat and cream if you owned the malt house ?

Cat Oh, indeed !

Mouse Can you guess what I would buy if the malt house were mine ?

Cat No, I cannot guess. What would you buy ?

Mouse I would buy cake and cheese. Then what a fine feast my family and I would have.

Cat Yes, I am sure you would. But it makes me hungry to hear you talk about it. I want to bite something. I will bite your tail off.

Mouse Oh, oh ! you did, you did ! My tail, my beautiful tail ! What will my children say ? Cat, dear Cat, do give me back my tail.

Cat Not until you get me a saucer of milk.

Mouse Who will give me the milk ?

Cat Go to the Cow, she will give you the milk.

Mouse Please keep my tail safe. I will be back quickly with the milk.

II

TIME: *Morning.*

PLACE: *The cow yard.*

FARMER'S BOY. DAN. JACK. MOUSE. COW.

Cow (*Mouse appears, running in great haste.*) Why, little Mouse, how do you do ? Why are you in such a hurry this fine morning ?

Mouse Oh, friend Cow, I cannot stop to tell you everything. Do you see, my beautiful tail is gone ? Cat just bit it off. She says I cannot have my tail again until I bring her a saucer of milk. I pray you give me the milk that I may carry it to Cat and get my beautiful tail back.

Cow I would gladly give you the milk, Mouse, but cannot now. The farmer is away and his boy has forgotten to feed me. Go tell

the boy to get me some hay, then I will give you the milk for Cat.

Mouse Thank you, friend Cow ; I will tell Farmer's Boy to give you some hay, that you are hungry, and I want a saucer of milk to give to Cat to get my tail back.

Cow Mouse ! Mouse ! How fast she runs. Oh, Mouse, here comes Farmer's Boy with his friends Dan and Jack. I cannot make her hear.

Farmer's Boy See Mouse running up the road. Something has frightened her.

Dan I think she is searching for something.

Jack It may be for her tail. Do you see, she has none.

Dan That is so, her tail is gone.

Jack She sees us. She is running here.

Dan How fast she runs. I never saw Mouse run so fast before.

Farmer's Boy No, nor I.

Mouse Oh, Farmer's Boy, I was looking for you !

Farmer's Boy What do you want of me, Mouse ?

Mouse You have not fed Cow to-day. She

is hungry. If you will give her some hay, then she will give me a saucer of milk. I will give the milk to Cat who will give back my tail, which she just bit off.

Farmer's Boy Mouse, I am hungry too. I have had nothing to eat to-day. If you will fetch me some nice fresh meat from the butcher's shop then I will give Cow hay. She will give you milk for Cat, and you can get your tail back.

Jack Run, Mouse, run. Get enough meat for Dan and me. We have had nothing to eat to-day.

Mouse You shall have the meat as soon as I can get it. I will ask for the best the butcher has in his shop.

Dan What a spry and willing little creature Mouse is !

Farmer's Boy Yes, I am sorry I forgot to give Cow any hay.

Jack Why not give it to her now ?

Farmer's Boy I will do that.

Dan Then the milk will be ready for Mouse when she fetches us the meat.

III

TIME: *Morning.*PLACE: *Before the Butcher's shop.*

BUTCHER.

BAKER.

MOUSE.

Butcher Now, little Mouse, why are you running so fast? You have lost your beautiful tail! Where has your tail gone?

Mouse Oh, good, kind Mr. Butcher, Cat and I were playing together this morning when, suddenly, she bit my tail off. I asked her to give it back. She said that she would for a saucer of milk which I must get from Cow. Cow would not give me the milk because she had not had any hay this morning. She told me I must find Farmer's Boy and tell him to give her some hay. Then she promised to give me some milk. I found Farmer's Boy. I told him Cow was hungry. He said that he was hungry, too, and that before he could feed Cow I must get him a piece of fresh meat from you. Please, Mr. Butcher, give me the meat for Farmer's Boy's dinner. I want my beautiful tail again.

Butcher I am very sorry for you, little Mouse, and I really want you to get your

beautiful tail again. But I am hungry myself. If you will fetch me bread from the baker's, you shall have what meat you want.

Mouse Oh, dear! Am I never to get my tail back?

Butcher You shall get your tail again, be assured of that. But run now to the baker. Tell him to give you some of his very best bread. Be quick, little Mouse, for I am indeed very hungry. The meat I will have ready for you.

Mouse I will not waste a minute. Oh! Here comes the baker with a basket of bread. Baker, kind Mr. Baker! I want some of your best bread for Mr. Butcher. Please give it to me as quickly as ever you can.

Baker Hello! What did you say, little Mouse? Oh! You want some bread for friend Butcher?

Mouse Yes, if you please. I want some of your best bread.

Baker My bread is all best.

Mouse Of course; I know all your bread is good.

Baker Here is one of my best loaves. Butcher will like it, I know. Why, your beautiful tail is gone ! How did that happen ?

Mouse Cat bit it off as we were playing together this morning.

Baker Playing with Cat, were you ?

Mouse Yes. She promised it back again if I would fetch her a saucer of milk from Cow. But Cow could not give me the milk, Farmer's Boy had not fed her. I asked Farmer's Boy to feed Cow, but he said that he was hungry, and I must get him some fresh meat from Butcher. But Butcher is hungry, too, and sent me to you for bread. I thank you for the fine loaf you have given me. Now I can get the meat for Farmer's Boy. He will give Cow hay. Cow will give me milk. I will take milk to Cat and she will give me my beautiful tail back.

Baker Stop just a minute, Mouse. There is one thing I want you should remember : Keep away from my meal chest. If ever I hear of you going there again, you shall have no more bread from me. And now for a word of advice, — keep away from Cat, or the next

time you play with her she may get more than your tail. She is not to be trusted to remain friends long with a mouse.

Butcher No, she is not. Here is the meat, little Mouse. Take it to Farmer's Boy and tell him to give Cow her hay. And you ask Farmer's Boy if he will not take milk to Cat and get your tail.

Mouse Thank you both. I will remember all you have told me. I won't play with Cat again, and I will ask Farmer's Boy to get my tail.

Butcher Stop, little Mouse! Farmer's Boy and Jack and Dan, leading Cow, are coming now. And if here isn't Cat with your tail! Give Farmer's Boy the meat.

Farmer's Boy I have fed Cow.

Cow And here is the milk for Cat.

Cat And here, little Mouse, is your tail.

Mouse Thank you, thank you! I am so glad to have my beautiful tail again.

— *Adapted.*

CHRISTMAS

I

TIME: *Christmas eve.*

PLACE: *Cloudland.*

SNOW QUEEN. ATTENDANT. SANTA CLAUS.

NORTH WIND.

SNOW FAIRIES.

Snow Queen

Hark ! What is the sound I hear ?

Attendant

Christmas bells that gladly play.

Snow Queen

Yes, they are the Christmas bells
Telling, "Near is Christmas Day."

Attendant

Dearest Queen, where is the snow ?
Christmas eve and bare is earth.
Without snow the children think
Christmas robbed of half its mirth.

Snow Queen

That is true, but they shall have
Snow enough each one to please.
North Wind I will ask to blow,
Brook and stream and lake to freeze.

Attendant

Queen, your praises will be sung
On this night by many a child,
Gladdened by the sight of snow,
Though the storm be fierce and wild.

Snow Queen

Fairies with your snowflakes come,
Throw them broadcast through the air.
North Wind, blow, blow loud, blow strong,
Send the snowflakes everywhere.

Snow Fairies

Broadcast through the air go, go !
Each flake is a jewel bright.
Blow upon them, North Wind, blow,
Carpet all the earth with white.

North Wind

Woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo !

Snow Fairies

See how fast our bright flakes fly !

North Wind

Woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo !

Snow Fairies

Now they shut out earth from sky.

Snow Queen

Fairies, thanks for what you've done.
Earth lies 'neath a carpet white.

North Wind, do you cease to blow,
Hasten home while yet 'tis night.

Attendant

Gracious Queen, what bells are those
Making music sweet and clear ?

Snow Queen

It is Santa Claus who comes.

Attendant

Yes, I see ; — behold ! he's here.

Santa Claus

Queen, I'm starting on my rounds,
But am taking time to say
That I thank you for the snow
You have sent to earth to-day.

Every child will thank you, too,
Heartily they will exclaim,
"O, there's snow ! Hurrah ! What fun !"
Not a word from them of blame.

Snow Queen

Santa Claus, you're very kind.
And the children, I'll confess,
Cause my heart to thrill with joy,
Touch it deep with tenderness.

Santa Claus

This I'm very glad to hear ;

Actions good are not in vain.

Now I'm off: Good night! Good night!

(Goes out quickly. Queen and Attendant call "Good night!")

Snow Queen (She speaks to Attendant.)

Crystal, we will join our train.

(Queen and Attendant go out, followed by the Snow Fairies.)

II

TIME: *Christmas morning.*

PLACE: *A living room.*

KATE. BESS. SUE. JAMES. THOMAS. CHARLES.

CHORUS.

Chorus (The Chorus sings just outside.)

Hark, the bells are ringing,

It is Christmas Day;

Happy, bright-faced children

Quickly fill the way.

Hear them shout for gladness,

Hear them as they sing,

"Such a lot of treasures as

Santa Claus did bring."

(Kate, Bess, Sue, James, Thomas, Charles run in.)

Bess

See the snow ! O, see the snow !

James

Yes, it came, Bess, in the night.

Sue

Fairies brought it and they wove
This great carpet spotless white.

Thomas

Maybe so, — but now for fun.

Charles

Take our new sleds out and slide.

Kate

Let us make a snow man, Sue.

Charles

Come with us and have a ride.

Sue and Kate

Yes, we will.

James

O, boys, I say,
Let us build a fort.

Thomas

Good !

Charles

Good !

When with sliding we are done.

James

All right, that is understood.

Kate

And the snow man, don't forget.

Thomas

I will help ; we'll make him tall ;
Tall and very big, you know,
So that naught can make him fall.

Charles

Hurry, won't you ! Girls, you're slow.

Sue

We are coming, do not wait.

Bess

I am ready, brother Charles.
O, the sliding must be great !
(*Bess, Charles, Thomas go out.*)

James

Can't you hurry just a bit ?

Kate

Take the scowl from off your brow.
I am ready. Are you, Sue ?

Sue

Yes, I think I'm ready now.

James

Then I'll go and get my sled.

Kate

We'll be with you in a trice.

Sue

Christmas without any snow
Would not be one half as nice.

(When all have gone out the Chorus sings again just outside.)

Chorus

Hark, the bells are ringing,
It is Christmas Day ;
Happy, bright-faced children
Quickly fill the way.

Hear them shout for gladness,
Hear their cries of joy,
"You delight, O Winter,
Every girl and boy."

III

TIME: *Christmas night.* PLACE: *A living room.*

KATE. BESS. SUE. JAMES. THOMAS.

CHARLES AND OTHER CHILDREN.

Children (All are singing. The Christmas tree is hidden.)

Wonderful night, when Santa Claus comes
Bringing happiness to our homes ;
With reindeer steeds he sweeps the skies
And down the chimney swiftly flies.

Wonderful story, ages old,
So long cherished, so often told,
That all the children take delight
To tell anew on Christmas night.

(The tree is suddenly shown, lighted and loaded with gifts.)

James *(Speaking after the tree has been greeted with shouts and many different signs of pleasure.)*

Isn't it a pretty tree ?

Thomas

None to beat it, you will find,

Sue

O, it's very wonderful !

Bess

Hasn't Santa Claus been kind ?

Kate

Yes, he has been kind indeed.

Charles

Let's not touch it for a while.

Sue

Why, dear Charles, that's not like you.

Kate

Not a bit ! He makes me smile.

Charles

Smile away, I do not care.

James

Shall we sing ?

Thomas

O, yes, a song !

Bess

Sing one thanking Santa Claus,
Praises unto him belong.

Children (Sing.)

We all of us have heard it said,
And know full well 'tis true,
That Santa Claus loves those the most
Who strive their best to do.
He won't forget, he never has,
The girl or boy who tries.
In knowing just what each child wants
Is where his greatness lies.

Dear Santa Claus we wonder at
The marvels you perform ;
Each year, it seems to us, your heart
With love must grow more warm.
We won't forget to sing your praise,
No, Santa Claus, no, no !
Not half the love we bear for you
Can we expect to show.

THE HUNTERS

TIME: *Morning.*PLACE: *At the edge of a wood.*

SEVEN BOYS. FIVE GIRLS.

Girl Where are you boys going with guns?*Boys* Hunting.*Girls* Hunting?*Girl* You boys are going hunting?*Boy* Yes, we are going hunting.*Girl* May we go along and watch you?
Will you kill bears, and deer, and—and great
lions, and lots of birds?*Boy* We won't kill any birds except eagles,
and there are no lions and bears where we are
going.*Girl* Oh, there are no lions and bears where
you are going? Then we won't be afraid.
Did you say we might go with you?*Boy* I don't think we want the girls to go,
do we?*Chorus of Boys* No, they'd frighten the deer.*Boy* And the eagles, too.*Girls* We wouldn't frighten anything. We
know when to keep still.*Girl* They don't answer.



Girl Where are you going? You haven't told us. Are you going in the mountains or in the glen?

Boy We don't know yet. We may go in the mountains.

Girl You had better not go there, or down the glen either.

Boy Why?

Girl Haven't you heard? Don't you know about the little men who are in the glen and the mountains? They are

“Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping altogether.”

And their dress is

“Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.”

Chorus of Boys They are fairies!

Girl Yes, they are fairies. And such funny pranks as they play. Why, you might be aiming your gun at a deer, and if the fairies didn't want it killed, one of them would tickle it somewhere, most likely in the nose, and away the deer would run, and be out of sight before you could wink.

Girl Oh, and you know

“Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home :
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide foam.”

Girl Then there are

“Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs
All night awake.”

Boys I guess we won't hunt in the mountains.

Boy No, nor down in the glen either.

Boy Nor by the rocky shore.

Boy Perhaps we had better not go hunting
at all.

Girl You might hunt on the hills. But
don't disturb the thorn trees the fairies have
planted there. They were planted for their
pleasure. And should any man be so daring

“As dig one up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.”

Boy Do you think we had better go
a-hunting to-day ?

Boy The girls will laugh at us.

Boy But think of what the fairies may do to us.

Boy If there were just a few, but I have been told that there are millions of them.

Two Boys Oh, come on! What do we care for fairies?

The Other Boys No, let's go home. If we don't care, they'll make us care.

Boy (*One of the two.*) Shall we go home or go hunting?

Boy (*Second one of the two.*) I — I guess I'll go home.

Boy I'm not going hunting alone, it wouldn't be any fun.

Other Boys Shall we go home?

Several Boys Yes! Yes!

(*The boys go away.*)

Girl The boys are going home.

Girl They are afraid.

Girl Perhaps the boys will go hunting tomorrow and take us.

Girl Perhaps they will, if we tell them the fairies can't hurt them.

"The Fairies," WILLIAM ALLINGHAM (*Adapted*).

THE GOOD LITTLE ELVES

I

TIME: *Night.*

PLACE: *Shoemaker's shop.*

SEVERAL ELVES.

Elf Brothers, we must help the poor shoemaker. He is old and has to work hard. We must not let him suffer.

Other Elves No, no, he shall not suffer if we can help it.

Elf What can we do? Has he left any work undone?

Elf Yes, here is leather cut out for a pair of shoes.

Elf It is all the leather there is in the shop.

Elf Oh, is the shoemaker as poor as that?

Elf Yes, he is very poor indeed.

Several Elves We must get to work right away.

Elf Here are the lasts.

Elf I have the thread.

Elf Here is the awl; there is not much of it left, but it is very sharp.

Elf The wax ends are here.



Elf There are pegs and nails in this box.

Elf We have everything we need. The hammers, and knives, and files are on this bench. Every one to work! Before it is light we must have the shoes done, and they must be the strongest and handsomest pair of shoes the shoemaker ever saw.

Other Elves Yes! Yes! The shoes shall be strong and handsome.

Elf Another wax end for my thread, please.

Elf More pegs for this sole. Thank you.

Elf I want red thread for these tops. Ah, here it is!

Elves (*Sing as they work.*)

Peg and stitch, peg and stitch,

Till our task is done.

Stitch and peg, stitch and peg,

Work fast every one.

Faster, soon will chanticleer

Tell of morning drawing near.

Peg, peg, peg! Stitch, stitch, stitch,

So goes every day.

To take one task at a time

Is the proper way.

Then your work will go all right,
You'll be glad when comes the night.

Elf The shoes are done.

Elf They look very well indeed.

Elf May they bring the shoemaker good fortune!

Elf Yes, yes! So say we all.

Elf Hark! The rooster is waking up.
Time we were going.

Elf We will come again to-morrow night.
We may find work to do that will help the shoemaker.

II

TIME: *Morning.*

PLACE: *Shoemaker's shop.*

SHOEMAKER.

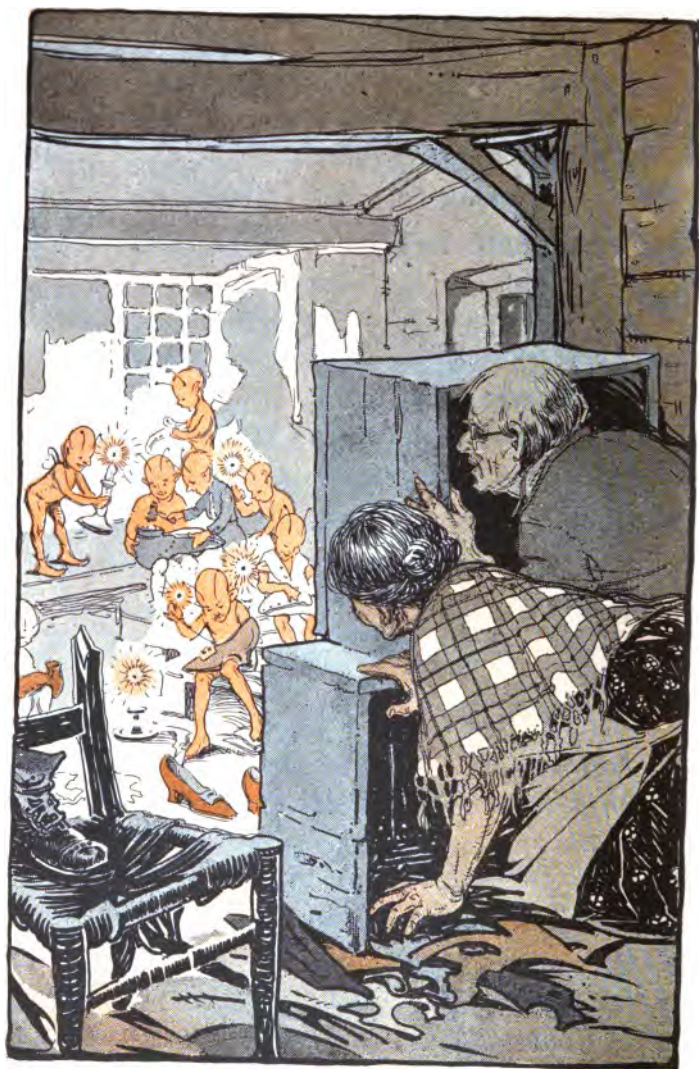
WIFE.

CUSTOMER.

Shoemaker Wife! Wife! Come and see what I have found! Here is an answer to my prayers.

Wife What do you mean? Where did you get that handsome pair of shoes?

Shoemaker I found them on the bench. It is the same leather, all I owned, as you know, that I cut out last night before going to bed.



Wife They are beautiful shoes.

Shoemaker They are better than any I ever made.

Wife Oh, I don't know about that. When your sight was good, and your hands steadier, no one could make better shoes than you, or handsomer, though he fashioned them for royal feet.

Shoemaker There, there, you praise me too much. Indeed, these are good shoes; very neatly done, and not a stitch wrong. But who is coming?

Wife It should be a customer. He is richly dressed and has a grand air. He is just the one to buy these shoes.

Customer Good morning.

Wife He is pleasant spoken.

Shoemaker Good morning, sir. The day is a bright one. You are abroad early.

Customer I am quick to follow the sun. These are well-made shoes and attractive to the eye. Are they for sale if I find they fit me?

Shoemaker Yes, the shoes are for sale, sir.

Customer They fit as if made for me. Indeed, I never had shoes that felt so comfortable and

looked so well on my feet before. Shall I pay you five dollars for them? They are worth that to me.

Shoemaker Oh, sir, I had not meant to charge but half that sum.

Customer Five dollars is little enough for such a pair of shoes. Here is your money. I will call later for my old shoes. Good morning.

Shoemaker Good morning, sir. Wife, here is money enough to buy leather for two pairs of shoes and some left for food.

III

TIME: *Night.*

PLACE: *Shoemaker's shop.*

SEVERAL ELVES.

Elf Here is double work.

Elf Leather cut for two pairs of shoes.

Elf We must make these better than the first, so the shoemaker can sell them for more money. Now, every one to work.

Elf How much better to be helping than to be teasing some one?

Elf True. But when people won't do

right, and many won't, something has to be done to make them understand.

Elf Yes, of course. More thread, please.

Elf This shoe is ready for the heel.

Elf Give it to me.

Elf Shall I stitch all the tops in red ?

Elf No, stitch the tops of one pair in yellow.

Elves (*Sing as they work.*)

Peg, peg, peg ; peg and stitch,

In your work show care,

Though it be plowman's boot,

Or for lady fair.

You can ill afford to choose

To make any but good shoes.

Elf The pair with the yellow-stitched tops is done.

Elf The other pair is ready.

Elf We are through none too soon. The light is coming into the East.

Elf Yes, and now rooster is making up for lost time by the way he is crowing.

Elf Come, we must go. But first a wish for the shoemaker.

Elves May his shoes keep him always from want.

IV

TIME: *Morning; night; dawn.*

PLACE: *Shoemaker's shop.*

SHOEMAKER. WIFE. CUSTOMERS. ELVES.

Wife How wonderfully our prayers have been answered. We have only the best shoes, and never lack for customers to buy them at the highest price.

Shoemaker Indeed, we have long since ceased to know want.

Wife Here comes a handsome dame, and another follows.

Customer I want a pair of shoes like those my neighbor, Mrs. Benson, bought of you. She paid ten dollars, and said she was glad to do it. These are like hers? Oh, I see, the tops are stitched in yellow. Yes, I will take them. I like the yellow stitching; it makes my shoes that much different from Mrs. Benson's.

Shoemaker Shall I send them to your house?

Customer No, my carriage is here. Ten dollars for such shoes is cheap. I shall tell all my friends about you and the beautiful shoes you sell. Good day!

Shoemaker Good day!

Customer I would like to try on those handsome white shoes in your window. If they fit, I will pay very generously for them. Oh, they do fit as easily as a glove. They are so beautifully made. Can you make me another pair exactly like them, and a pair in red leather?

Shoemaker I have another pair like these.

Customer And a pair in red leather?

Shoemaker Yes.

Customer Send them to the theater, please. I am singing in the opera. Here is fifty dollars. Is it enough?

Shoemaker Too much! Too much!

Customer Not for such shoes. Whoever you send with the shoes let him ask for tickets that I shall leave for you and your wife to come and hear me sing.

Shoemaker You are very kind.

Wife Indeed you are most kind and thoughtful. We both love music. Hans, here, plays the flute, and when I was younger I sang a little.

Shoemaker She sang like a bird. Indeed, she did.

Customer I do not doubt it. But come and hear me. Good-by !

Shoemaker and Wife Good-by !

Wife She has a good heart.

Shoemaker A generous spirit too. But, wife, I would like to know by what hands our prayers are answered. I suspect the Elves, they are clever folk, and in the old days did many wonders.

Wife Let us watch. Lay out the leather you have cut for the shoes. Lock the door, it is late ; no more customers will come to-night.

Shoemaker Where shall we hide ourselves ?

Wife Won't behind this box do ?

Shoemaker Yes, very well. I hope we have not long to wait. I might fall asleep.

Wife You must not go to sleep, Hans. Hark ! That is some one coming now. You suspected rightly, they are Elves. Do you see them about your bench ? See how fast they work.

Shoemaker Wonderful ! Wonderful ! Why, the half dozen do more in a night than I could in a year if I worked all the time.

Wife How poorly clothed they are ! Not half enough to cover them.

Shoemaker Yes. And they have no shoes. I will make shoes for them. Will you make clothes that will cover and keep their bodies warm ?

Wife That I will, and they shall find them here on Christmas Eve.

Elves (*Sing as they work.*)

Turn the toe, make the heel

Fairy feet for these.

Be she the Queen's own self

They must surely please.

That's our aim, to give the best,

Secret of all true success.

Wife What, are they through ?

Shoemaker Yes, and gone. There's the old rooster crowing and the sun is peeping over the hills. But do look at these shoes ! They will bring us a fortune.

Wife Indeed, I think they will. Now you must begin work to-day upon the shoes for the little folk, and I will set about straightway to make the clothes I said I would.

V

TIME: *Night.*

PLACE: *Shoemaker's shop.*

SEVERAL ELVES

Elf No shoes to make !

Elf No. But what are these ?

Elf Shoes ! Shoes for us.

Elf Yes, for us. These fit me perfectly.

Elf The shoemaker made them. How did he know we had none ?

Elf I wonder.

Elf But see this !

Elf Oh, such a pretty coat !

Elf Here is another.

Elf And another !

Elf There is a coat for each one of us, and trousers, too.

Elf This is work of the shoemaker's wife.

Elf They will be happy and prosperous all their days.

Elf But we will make them no more shoes. They can get on without our help.

Elf Come, let us put on our new coats.

Elf How fine we all look !

Elf It makes me want to dance.

Elf I want to sing.

Elf We will dance and sing.

Elves (*All dance and sing.*)

Here we leave a worthy pair,
Quite content and free from care.
We, who've given of our best,
Go to seek a well-earned rest.

— JACOB and WILLIAM GRIMM (*Adapted*).

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER

TIME: *Noonday.*

PLACE: *At the foot of a mountain.*

THREE GIRLS. FIVE BOYS. OTHER GIRLS AND BOYS.

Girl

Little Cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's green mound?

Boy

Only the plaintive yellow bird
Sighing in sultry fields around,
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee! —
Only the grasshopper and the bee.

And one saying —

Tip tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!

Scarlet leather, sewn together,
This will make a shoe.

(All repeat.)

Left, right, pull it tight ;
Summer days are warm ;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm !”

Boy

Lay your ear close to the hill.
Do you not catch the tiny clamor,
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Leprechaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade ?

Boy

He's a span
And a quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him tight,
And you're a made
Man !

Girl

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay ;
How would you like to roll in your carriage,
Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage ?
Seize the Shoemaker — then you may !

All

“Big boots a-hunting,
Sandals in the hall,
White for a wedding-feast,
Pink for a ball.
This way, that way,
So we make a shoe ;
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-tack-too !”

Girl

Nine-and-ninety treasure-crocks
This keen miser fairy hath,
Hid in mountains, woods, and rocks,
Ruin and round tower, cave and rath,
And where the cormorants build ;
From times of old
Guarded by him ;
Each of them filled
Full to the brim
With gold !

All

Full to the brim
With gold !

Boy

I caught him at work one day, myself,
In the castle-ditch, where foxglove grows,—
A wrinkled, wizened, and bearded Elf,

Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
Silver buckles to his hose,
Leather apron — shoe to his lap —

All

“Rip-rap, tip-tap,
(A grasshopper on my cap !
Away the moth flew !)
Buskins for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son, —
Pay me well, pay me well !
When the job is done !”

Boy

The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt.
I stared at him ; he stared at me ;
“Servant, sir !” “Humph !” says he,
And pulled a snuff-box out.
He took a long pinch, looked better pleased,
This queer little Leprechaun ;
Offered the box with a whimsical grace, —
Pouf ! he flung the dust in my face,
And, while I sneezed,
Was gone !

All

“Rip-rap, tip-tap,
Tick-tack-too !

* * * * *

Buskins for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son, —
Pay me well, pay me well,
When the job is done !”

—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE ADVENTURES OF THREE LITTLE PIGS

I

TIME: *Morning.*

PLACE: *The Pigs' enclosure in the barnyard.*

FARMER. MARY. CARL. MOTHER PIG. SPOTTY.
CURLYTAIL. PINKEYES.

Mary Father, the little pigs are just a month old to-day.

Farmer Why, so they are ! I should have forgotten it but for you.

Carl How they have grown. Here, old mother pig, here is an apple for you. She likes it.

Mary Curlytail wants an apple.

Farmer Give all the little pigs an apple.

Mary Here, Curlytail, here is your apple.

Carl Spotty, here is an apple for you.

Mary Let me give Pinkeyes her apple.

Carl No —

Farmer Carl, be polite to your sister; let her have the apple.

Carl I want to —

Farmer You heard me, Carl?

Carl Yes, sir. Here, Mary, is the apple for Pinkeyes.

Mary Thank you, Carl. Here, Pinkeyes, come and get your apple. Do you see, father, that the little pigs know their names?

Farmer Yes, I do. They are very wonderful pigs.

Mary You are joking now, father. You always say pigs are stupid.

Farmer Do I? Well, I don't think they know very much.

Carl Do you see that little fellow?

Mary Which one?

Carl That one.

Mary Oh, Curlytail.

Carl Yes. He is as greedy as he can be. He eats twice as fast as any of the others. Greedy is what we ought to have called him.

Mary Curlytail is a much prettier name, and it tells something about him. Besides, it may help him to be good. You know what mother says, "Helping people to be good is one way to make them good."

Carl Mother knows. We must help the pigs to be good.

Farmer Good for you, Carl! Mother shall know of this. Now hurry to school, and I will get some plowing done.

(Farmer, Mary, and Carl go away.)

Mother Pig Children, I hope you were listening to what has just been said about being good?

Little Pigs Yes, we heard it all.

Mother Pig Well, take heed. You will always be happy if you are good.

Spotty Yes, mother, I am sure of that.

Curlytail Wish I had another apple. Wouldn't mind if I had two. I don't get half enough to eat.

Mother Pig Is this the way you take to be good? You needn't answer. Now, listen to me, all of you. I am going on a visit for a few days. I think you can be trusted alone.

Spotty Go, mother, do, and have a good

time. We will be the best little pigs you ever heard of.

Pinkeyes Oh, it will be fun keeping house alone!

Curlytail It won't be, if there isn't enough to eat.

Mother Pig You will have plenty to eat. Good-by, children. Be good, every one of you, while I am away.

Little Pigs We will be, mother; you can trust us. Good-by!

(*Mother pig goes.*)

Curlytail Do you like staying here alone?

Pinkeyes Not very well.

Spotty What do you want to do?

Curlytail See what it's like outside this place.

Spotty I'd like to know that. Come on! We must not go far.

II

TIME: *Afternoon.* PLACE: *Near a wood.*

CURLYTAIL SPOTTY. PINKEYES. WOLF,
THREE MEN.

Curlytail Oh, the world is a fine place outside the farmyard! Here I can get all I

want to eat. What is this man carrying? Lettuce! I would like a house built of lettuce. Such a pretty house as it would be! And then I could eat part of it whenever I wanted to. And I could be as lazy as I pleased, living all the while like a king. Oh, man! Man!

Man Hello, little pig! What can I do for you?

Curlytail I want the lettuce in your basket.

Man All right, you shall have it. But tell me what you are going to do with it. Eat it, I suppose?

Curlytail I thank you for giving me the lettuce. I am not going to eat it, at least not all of it.

Man Why, what are you going to do with it?

Curlytail Build me a house.

Man Build a house of lettuce? Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha! Build a house of lettuce. Who ever heard of such a thing? You know best, of course, what you want. Good day, little pig.

Curlytail Good day.

Man Success to your house.

Curlytail Thank you, man. Now I will have my house set up in a trice. There, it is done. It is very pretty. I shall be safe and happy in it. I am going into my house, close the door, and go to sleep.

Wolf (*He comes along sniffing here and there.*) Where can that pig be? I am sure there is one not far away. Ho, ho! He is in here. A house made of lettuce! Who ever heard of such a thing before? Pig, little pig!

Curlytail Who is at my door?

Wolf Will you let me come in?

Curlytail I won't let you come in. No, no, by the hair of my chiny, chin, chin.

Wolf Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in.

(*The house is blown down.*)

Curlytail Oh! Oh! It is a wolf. I want to run away and I can't.

Wolf No, you can't run. You are coming home with me. A fine dinner you will make for me and my family.

Curlytail Oh! Oh! Oh! I don't want to go home with you.

Wolf . What you want doesn't matter now.
(Wolf carries Curlytail off. A man comes along with a bundle of straw on his back. Pinkeyes is following, running.)

Pinkeyes Man ! Please, man, won't you wait ? I want to speak with you.

Man Who is calling ? Oh, it is you, little pig ? Have you a name ?

Pinkeyes My name is Pinkeyes.

Man It is a very pretty name. And so your eyes are pink.

Pinkeyes No, they are not, but my mother liked the name, and so do I.

Man Reason enough, I am sure. Now what did you want of me ?

Pinkeyes I want the straw you are carrying. I wish to build a house with it.

Man That is a very good thing to do. I have plenty of straw, and you shall have this to build your house.

Pinkeyes Thank you, man ; I will never forget your kindness.

Man Oh, don't mention it, Pinkeyes, Good day.

Pinkeyes Good day.

Man I may come to see your house when it is done.

Pinkeyes Do. (*The man goes away.*) This is good straw. What a pretty house I am making. It will be a warm house. There, the house is finished and I can lock myself in and nothing will harm me. Oh, it is very nice in here!

(*Wolf comes along sniffing, his head high in air.*)

Wolf It is pig, I know it is pig. Where can he be? Ah! There's his house. What a simpleton to build a house of straw! He must be a brother or a sister to that other simpleton, Curlytail, who built a house of lettuce. Why, the fellow is asleep, and snoring as loud as a volcano. I'll see if I can't wake him up. He will make a fine dinner for my family and me to-morrow. Ho! Ho! in there. Ho! ho! Wake up! Wake up!

Pinkeyes Who — who's call — calling me?

Wolf A friend. Open the door.

Pinkeyes No, no, by the hair of my chiny, chin, chin.



Wolf What, won't open the door? Then I'll huff, — wooooo, — and I'll puff, — pooooo, — and I'll blow your house in. There, my fine pig, I told you what I would do. Come along with me, I want you to meet my family.

Pinkeyes I — I — I don't like your family. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Wolf You will like us better when you know us better. Stop that squealing and come along.

(Wolf drags Pinkeyes away. Spotty appears, looking about.)

Spotty It is such a lovely place on the top of this hill. I would like a house here. I wish I had something to build one of. What has this man got in his cart? *(Man comes along pushing a cart in which are bricks.)* Why, bricks! What nice bricks these are!

Man Yes, Spotty, these are nice bricks. I made them.

Spotty Did you? I wonder if I might have them to build a house with?

Man Yes, you may have them, Spotty. They will make you a strong house and a

warm house. I am very glad to have happened along. I am pleased, too, that I had these bricks to give you.

Spotty Thank you very much for them. I will soon have a grand house. You must come and see me when it is done.

Man Yes, thank you, I will. Take care of my cart, Spotty, please?

Spotty I will see that nothing happens to your cart. Good-by!

Man Good-by!

(Goes away.)

Spotty I believe a house should be built to last. This house of mine is going to last. Old wolf and old bear, and no other wicked creature can harm me when my house is done. Brick upon brick, — that's the way to build; and be sure they are laid true. I declare, my house is finished. I was not long building it. How nice it looks inside. I will go in for a little while. My door is strong; all my house is strong. Should the wolf come, I won't mind.

(Spotty goes into his house and shuts the door. Wolf comes along, his nose to the

ground. He stops suddenly by door of Spotty's house and smells it.)

Wolf He's in here. I think there's nothing I like so well to eat as pig. Spotty! Spotty! It is your good friend —

Spotty I know you, Wolf; you are not a good friend of mine. You are not a good friend to anybody.

Wolf Oh, yes, I am your friend! Let me in.

Spotty No, no, by the hair of my chiny, chin, chin.

Wolf We will see if you won't let me in. I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in.

Spotty Ha, ha, ha! Blow harder, Wolf. You don't blow hard enough. Ho, ho, ho! Go fetch North Wind to help you. You are no sort of a blower. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha!

Wolf That's a good thing to do, fetch North Wind here to help blow. Spotty is the finest pig I know of. I'll have him on my table yet. *(Goes away. Spotty comes out of his house laughing.)*

Spotty What a great boaster Wolf is. Have me on his table, will he? Friend Wolf, you

don't know this pig yet. There are some nice apples a little way from here. I will go get some. I will fill the man's cart. It will hold enough apples to last me a day. That will be good, to be able to stay home a whole day.

(Goes out, dragging cart after him.)

III

TIME: *Afternoon.*

PLACE: *Near a wood.*

SPOTTY. MOTHER PIG. WOLF.

Spotty (Runs into sight with cart full of apples.) Oh, Wolf will catch me before I can get into my house. If I drop some apples, he may stop to eat them. There. I will drop more as I run along.

(Spotty runs out with cart. Wolf comes running into view. Sniffs the apples.)

Wolf Did Spotty think I would eat apples? He made a mistake that time. Where can he have gone? He is not in his house? No, the door is locked; there is no one inside. Where can he have gone? Ah! there he is, running as fast as he can. I will catch him sure this

time. If he knew when he was well off, he would have kept at home. I am coming for you, Spotty.

(Wolf runs away. Mother Pig comes along.)

Mother Whose fine house can this be? It has been built since I went away. What do I hear? Some one running? It is Spotty.

(Spotty runs to Mother Pig, allowing cart with its load of apples to run on past him.)

Spotty! Spotty! What is it? Why were you running so fast? Where are your brothers? Whose house is this?

Spotty The house is mine, mother. Here is the key. Unlock the door. Wolf is chasing me. I will watch for him.

Mother Wolf chasing you?

Spotty Yes. Hurry, mother.

Mother But your brothers, where are they?

Spotty Dead. Wolf ate them. Curlytail built a house of lettuce, and Wolf blew it down and ate him. Pinkeyes built a house of straw, — leave the door open, please, mother.

Mother What happened to Pinkeyes?

Spotty Wolf blew his house down, too, and Pinkeyes was eaten by Wolf and his family.

Mother Oh, my poor children ! I never did feel safe about Curlytail ; I was sure he would end badly. But I thought Pinkeyes more sensible.

Spotty No, mother. But, hark ! There is Wolf. He is very angry. Run into the house. He has discovered where I am.

Mother Won't he kill us both ? He is very cruel.

Spotty The house is strong and the door is strong ; he can't get in.

Mother But the chimney ; he could come down the chimney.

Spotty I had not thought of the chimney. He could get into the house that way.

Mother Yes, I am sure he could. What are we going to do ? We cannot run away from him now.

Spotty This is how we will keep Wolf from doing us any harm. I will build a fire under the great iron pot. We will fill the pot with water. By the time Wolf has discovered that the only way for him to get into the house is down the chimney, the water in the pot will be boiling. He will tumble into the boiling

water. When he is cooked tender, we will have him for our dinner.

Mother My son, I always knew you were clever. Instead of Wolf eating us we will eat him.

Spotty Yes, mother. Go in quickly. I think we shall enjoy boiled wolf very much.

—Old Tale (*Adapted*).

GOLDEN HAIR AND THE THREE BEARS

I

TIME: *Morning.*

PLACE: *A path in a forest at the end of which is the Bears' house.*

GOLDEN HAIR. BEE. BUTTERFLY. SQUIRREL. RABBIT.
ROBIN. WOODPECKER.

Rabbit Whose voice do I hear ?

Squirrel Where do you hear a voice ?

Rabbit In that direction. And I hear footsteps, too.

Squirrel You have good ears. They must be steps as light as those of a fairy.

Rabbit They are almost.

Robin What is it, Rabbit ; who is coming ?



Rabbit That is what I want to know.

Woodpecker As long as it is not a hunter, I do not care who is coming.

Robin I will go and see who it is.

Rabbit That you need not do, for Bee and Butterfly are coming from the same direction and can tell us. Oh, Bee, whose footstep is it I hear?

Bee Golden Hair's.

Rabbit Of course! How very stupid I am!

Squirrel Aren't we?

Butterfly I should think you were, not to know the step of one who comes as often to the forest as Golden Hair does.

Rabbit But she never came by this path before.

Robin No, she never did.

Squirrel That's the reason we didn't recognize her at once.

Robin Hark! Squirrel, be quiet! Woodpecker, can't you stop that pounding long enough to hear what some one else has to say?

(All listen. Golden Hair is heard singing coming down the path.)

Golden Hair

O, the wonder of the day !
 Happiness you bring.
 How can any one be sad
 Or not want to sing ?

Clovers red invite the bee,
 Give him of their gold,
 Feed him on the nectar sweet
 That their hearts enfold.

Sunbeams with the daisies dance,
 Dance with birds in air,
 Paint the rose and violet
 In their colors rare.

Best, I know who gave it all, —
 God, whose crown is love ;
 And whose heart as gentle is
 As the constant dove.

Rabbit Golden Hair seems happier than
 usual to-day.

Bee Yes, she does.

Robin She has sung a sweet song, and sung
 it sweetly, too.

The Others Golden Hair loves to sing.

Golden Hair (*Appears, skipping and dancing.*)
Here are my good friends! I thought I was alone in the forest. Bee, Butterfly, Robin, Woodpecker, Rabbit, Squirrel, — here you are, every one! And I am so glad to see you all look happy. Are you glad to see me?

The Others Yes, we are, Golden Hair.

Golden Hair Oh, there is a house! I did not know there was a house in the forest. Such a pretty house! I am going to look at it.

(*Runs out.*)

Bee Golden Hair! Golden Hair!

Robin Golden Hair, don't go to that house.

Woodpecker Where is the child going?

Squirrel To the house of the Three Bears.

Butterfly Oh, some one stop her!

Rabbit I will do it.

The Others We all will go. The Three Bears must not harm Golden Hair.

II

TIME: *Morning.*

PLACE: *Inside the house of the Three Bears. A table set, on which are three bowls of soup. There are three chairs and three beds in the room.*

GOLDEN HAIR.

THE THREE BEARS.

Golden Hair (*Comes in somewhat cautiously and looks about.*) What a nice house! Just as nice inside as it is out. I wonder who lives here. I see no one about; I can hear no one. Oh, the table is set for breakfast. There must be somebody to eat it. I will call. Is — any — one — at — home? Nobody answers. Perhaps they might hear if I were to knock. (*Knocks on door with increasing loudness.*) There surely is no one about. I am so hungry! I wonder if I might not have a little soup? What a big bowl this is, and what a large chair. Oh! This soup is too hot to eat. I will try the soup in this bowl. The bowl is not so big and the chair is not so large, and the soup is not so hot. But it's too hot to eat. I like the looks of that other chair. I think it will just fit me. This bowl of soup is hot enough, and it is very good, too. It is so

good I shall eat it all. Now I will sit down. But I didn't mean to sit down so hard. I have broken the chair. Really, I am quite sorry. Had I better go? No, I am sleepy. These beds look so nice. But this one is so big, and it is too soft. But this bed is too hard. Oh! This bed is just right. I shall sleep all right here. When I wake up, I will go and play with my friends in the woods.

(Goes to sleep.)

Great Huge Bear *(Comes in, followed by the other two bears.)* Didn't I close the door when we went out to walk?

Middle-sized Bear I thought you did.

Little Wee Bear I know you did. I saw you do it.

Great Huge Bear I was sure I closed the door. Ho!

The Two Bears What's the matter?

Great Huge Bear Somebody has been tasting my soup!

Middle-sized Bear Somebody has been tasting my soup!

Little Wee Bear Somebody has been tasting my soup, and has eaten it all up!

Great Huge Bear What is the meaning of this ?
Who can have been here ?

Middle-sized Bear I don't know ; I wish I did.

Little Wee Bear So do I.

Great Huge Bear Somebody has been sitting in my chair ! The cushion is out of place.

Middle-sized Bear Somebody has been sitting in my chair ! The cushion has been knocked out of it.

Little Wee Bear Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has broken it in pieces.

(*Tries to put chair together.*)

Great Huge Bear We must find out who has done all this. Ho ! Ho ! Somebody has been tumbling my bed !

Middle-sized Bear Somebody has been tumbling my bed !

Little Wee Bear (*Runs to his bed, leaving broken chair in a heap.*) Somebody has been tumbling my bed, and here she is now !

Golden Hair (*Wakes up suddenly.*) Oh ! Oh ! Oh ! They are bears ! Bears !

Middle-sized Bear She is running away !

Great Huge Bear Don't let her. There, she is gone! Come, quick, we must catch her.
(*Golden Hair runs about the room, then out of the door, the Three Bears following her.*)

III

TIME: *Morning.*

PLACE: *A part of the forest a long distance from the bears' house.*

GOLDEN HAIR. BEE. BUTTERFLY. ROBIN. WOOD-
PECKER. RABBIT. SQUIRREL.

Rabbit (*Golden Hair is seated on the ground.*)
We warned you about going to the bears' house.

Bee Yes, I called to you.

Robin So did I.

Woodpecker We all ran after you crying to keep away from the house of the bears.

Golden Hair I did not hear you. But it was very good of you to try to stop me from going there.

Butterfly Do you feel any better? I thought when you fell down here you must be hurt badly.

Golden Hair Oh, no! I had no more breath, so could not run any farther. Thank you all

again for being so kind. I am quite right now. Shall we play? I will race you, Bee.

Bee You won't do anything of the sort now; I am far too busy.

Golden Hair Butterfly, I will race you?

Butterfly Not to-day, little girl. I do not care to race with one who has run so much already.

Golden Hair Oh, dear! Won't anybody play with me? You are always ready to play when I ask, — this is the first time you ever refused.

Rabbit It is right for us to refuse. You are tired, Golden Hair, and had better go home.

Robin That's exactly what I think.

Squirrel Yes, Golden Hair, go home.

Woodpecker That's the very best of advice. Come to-morrow, when you are rested, and we will play with you.

Golden Hair I guess I will go home. But I'll come to-morrow, sure!

The Others Yes, you must.

Golden Hair I will. Good-by!

The Others Good-by!

— An Old Tale (*Adapted*).

BENJY IN BEASTLAND

I

TIME: *Afternoon.*PLACE: *The lawn.*

FIRST SISTER. SECOND SISTER. BENJY.

First Sister Benjy has been bad again ; he has killed another dog.

Second Sister Oh ! Brother Benjy has killed another dog ? Was it that little, strange white dog that came here this morning ? I saw him teasing it.

First Sister Yes, he killed the little white dog. He was throwing stones at it, and one struck the dog on the head and killed it.

Second Sister Oh, wicked brother ! It was only yesterday that he stuck the needle into Nox's lip and it broke off and we had to take it out. How glad Nox was when we got the needle out ?

First Sister Yes, wasn't he glad ? Nox doesn't like Benjy any too well.

Second Sister I know it. And Benjy doesn't like Nox, for Nox brings up all the dead dogs and cats that are killed by Benjy and Rough

and thrown into the river. Did Benjy throw the little white dog into the river ?

First Sister I did not watch to see ; most likely he did.

Second Sister I should think Benjy would dream bad dreams at night. He is so unkind to beasts that I wonder he isn't hurt by them. I guess if he should ever go to Beastland, he would find that animals have memories and know how to get even with people who have not treated them right.

First Sister Isn't that Benjy now calling Rough ?

Benjy (*Calls out of sight.*) Rough ! Rough ! Come here, you rascally pup. Rough ! Rough ! Don't you hide from me.

Second Sister Is Rough hiding ?

First Sister Hiding, or has run away. Benjy kicked him this morning, and that, I guess, settled Rough. I saw him run down the field as fast as he could go.

Second Sister Oh, what a bad, bad boy Benjy is. Let us go before he comes here and does something cruel to us.



First Sister We had better go to the house; it is nearly supper time.

II

TIME: *Evening.*

PLACE: *By the willow tree.*

BENJY.

MAN IN THE MOON.

Benjy I must get the little white dog I killed this afternoon out of the river before Nox finds him there. It seems very dark, and the moon is shining, too. Here is the big willow, and there is the river. If Nox should discover the little white dog, they would know I killed him, and then I would be punished. I do not care if I did kill the dog, but I don't like to be punished. There is the moon looking down through the top of the willow tree. Why, it is so big and near that I believe I could touch it if I were in the top of the willow. I remember that I read a story once that said all animals went to the moon when they died. The little white dog I killed may be there. Why, I am sure the Man in the Moon winked at me then.

Man in the Moon This is Beastland. Won't

you come up and see whether the little white dog is here? Can you climb?

Benjy I guess I can climb.

Man in the Moon Don't be too boastful, Benjy.

Benjy Oh, you know my name?

Man in the Moon Know your name, yes; and I know all about you. Be careful! It is almost like climbing stairs. Walk right in. Put out your feet, and don't be afraid.

III

TIME: *Night.*

PLACE: *Beastland.*

BENJY. CAT. DOG. PIGEON. SWALLOW. WASP.
ANT. PRAIRIE DOG. SPIDER. ROBIN. WREN.
TABBY CAT. ELEPHANT. PUG DOG. LION. ROUGH.

Benjy Such a queer place! But it is very beautiful, and so light, too. See all the animals! Ever so many different kinds. They are all running toward me. Will they hurt me? No, they are bowing to me in such a polite way.

Animals We are very glad to see you and hope you will soon feel quite at home here.

Cat Mew, mew, mew ! I like you.

Dog Bow, bow, bow ! I like you, too.

Pigeon Coo, coo, coo ! I am sure you are very gentle and kind.

Swallow Peep, peep, peep ! You would not hurt anybody.

Wasp Mmm ! Mmm ! You will come and see my nest ?

Benjy Yes, I should like to, Wasp.

Ant I want you to visit one of our great cities.

Benjy I will be glad to, Ant ; I know it must be wonderful.

Prairie Dog Perhaps you would like to see my house ?

Benjy Oh, yes, I should.

Spide You must let me teach you how to spin a web.

Benjy I shall be glad if you would.

Spider When you are ready to begin, find a place where you can tie your first line. Of course you have a ball of thread inside of you ?

Benjy I can't say that I have, but I have some string in my pocket.

Spider That's all right. I call it thread ;

you call it string; and whether it is in your body or your pocket is all the same. Now I will show you how to begin.

Robin Here comes the Wren all in a flutter. I wonder what news she has to tell?

Wren I am quite out of breath. Do you see that boy over there?

Cat Boy! In Beastland? I shall certainly feel safer lodged in this tree.

Elephant Boy! Why, I was on the point of offering to take him to ride.

Pug Dog Don't do it! It makes me shiver to think of what he might do to me if we were both back on the earth.

Cat Here comes the Lion; we will ask him what is to be done with this boy.

Lion What is it you tell me, a boy here? He shall speak for himself. All be seated. Bring me the boy. Spider, bring him here to me. He looks frightened, but fright is not always a sign of guilt. Well, what has this boy done?

The Animals He stones and drowns dogs! He hurts and kills cats.

Benjy No, Rough kills cats.

Lion Oh, ho ! He does ? Very well, we will see about this. Have Rough brought here at once.

Pug Dog Here is Rough, sir.

Lion Rough, Benjy says it is you, and not he, who kills cats.

Rough Am I to blame ? Who taught me to do it ? That bad boy there.

The Animals He must be punished. Stone him ; whip him ; throw him into the river.

Cat He has been very cruel, and he has taught this poor little dog to be cruel. I say he is a bad boy ! Yes, he is a bad boy !

Lion Gentle beasts, birds, and fishes, you have all heard what this boy has done. He ought to be treated as he has treated us. But we must not be cruel because he has been. He must be punished, however. He is not good enough to stay with us. Let us tie an old tin can to him and chase him from Beastland. (*Several of the animals hold Benjy while a tin can is fastened about his waist and left hanging from a long string.*) Rough shall be our leader. When I roar, begin the chase. Now I will roar.

Benjy Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Please, please, please! If I fall to earth, I shall be killed. Please! Please! Oh! Oh! Oh!

IV

TIME *Morning.*

PLACE: *Garden.*

FIRST SISTER.

SECOND SISTER.

BENJY.

First Sister Oh, Benjy, it is so nice that you can be out in the garden again and see the pretty flowers and listen to the birds.

Second Sister Yes, Benjy, dear, we are all so glad you can be out again. You have been very, very ill.

Benjy I did not know it.

Second Sister Yes, you fell into the river and have been sick for six weeks.

Benjy Did I fall into the river when I was chased out of Beastland?

First Sister You fell from the big willow tree that stands on the river bank.

Benjy Oh, I know now, I climbed into the tree because that is the way to Beastland. Listen! I hear Rough. No, it is Nox. I want to go to him. I want to tell him that

I am his friend, that after this I mean to be good to all dumb creatures.

— JULIANA HORATIA EWING (*Adapted*).

THE LAST LEAF

TIME: *Afternoon.*

PLACE: *The village common.*

FOUR BOYS.

FOUR GIRLS.

First Boy

(Where possible the children imitate actions of the old man character described.)

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

First Girl

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

Second Boy

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

All

"They are gone."

Second Girl

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear,
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

Third Boy

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

Third Girl

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin

Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

Fourth Boy

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches and all that,
Are so queer !

Fourth Girl

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring, —
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

